



# A BOY I KNEW FOUR DOGS, AND SOME MORE DOGS

LAURENCE HUTTON

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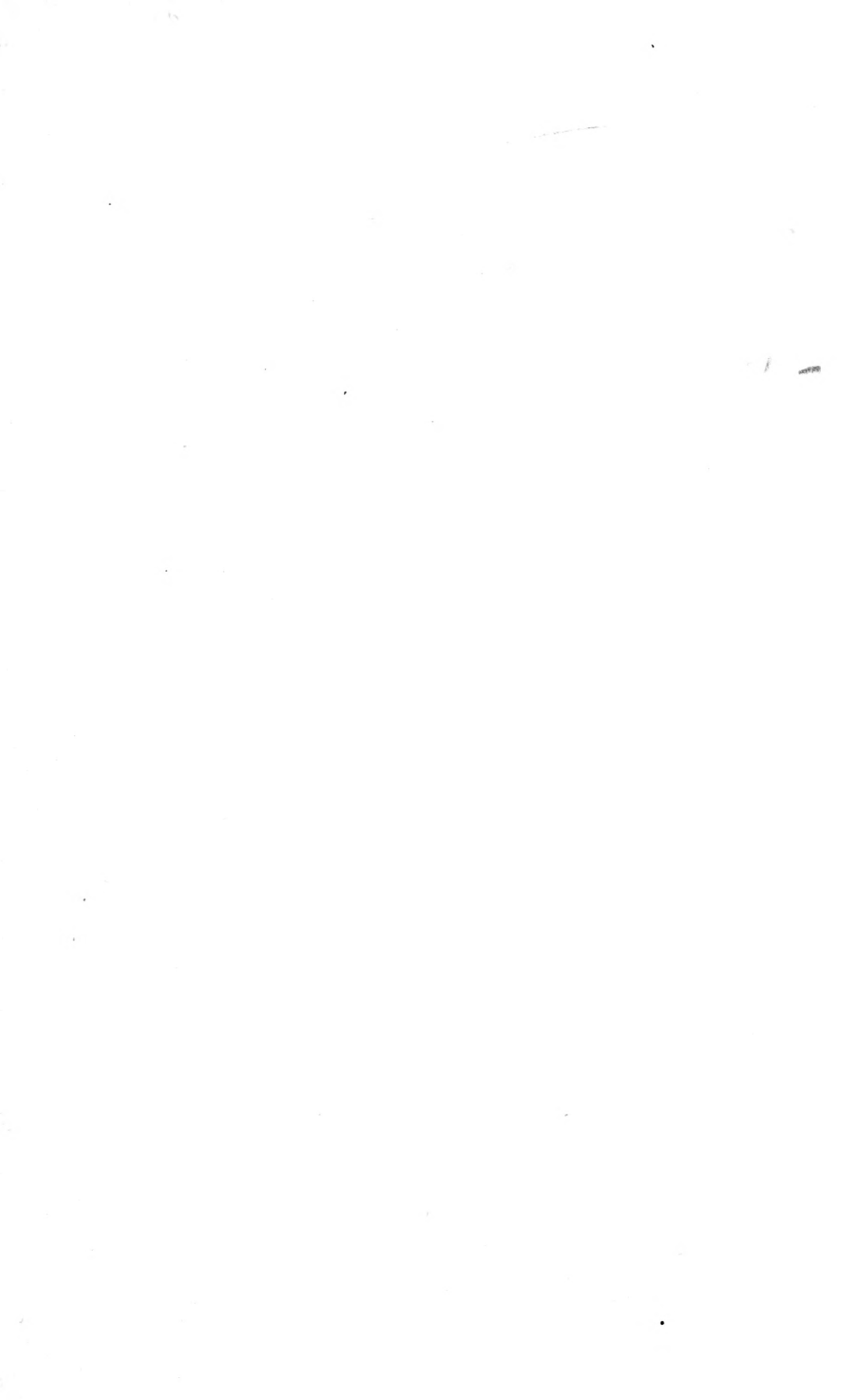
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A boy I knew, four dogs, and some  
more dogs.



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THACKERAY AND THE BOY

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# A BOY I KNEW FOUR DOGS, AND SOME MORE DOGS

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By  
LAURENCE HUTTON

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*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED*



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BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

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J H

TO  
MARK TWAIN  
THE CREATOR OF  
TOM SAWYER  
ONE OF THE BEST BOYS  
I EVER KNEW



*May the light of some morning skies  
In days when the sun knew how to rise,  
Stay with my spirit until I go  
To be the boy that I used to know.*

H. C. BUNNER, in "Rowen."



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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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THE papers upon which this volume is founded—published here by the courtesy of The Century Company—appeared originally in the columns of *St. Nicholas*. They have been reconstructed and rearranged, and not a little new matter has been added.

The portraits are all from life. That of The Boy's Scottish grandfather, facing page 20, is from a photograph by Sir David Brewster, taken in St. Andrews in 1846 or 1847. The subject sat in his own garden, blinking at the sun for many minutes, in front of the camera, when tradition says that his patience became exhausted and the artist permitted him to move. The Boy distinctly remembers the great interest the picture excited when it first reached this country.

Behind the tree in the extreme left of the view of The Boy's Scottish-American grandfather's house in New York, facing page 22, may be seen a portion of the home of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in 1843 or 1844, some years earlier than the period of "The

Story of a Bad Boy.” Warm and constant friends—as men—for upwards of a quarter of a century, it is rather a curious coincidence that the boys—as boys—should have been near neighbors, although they did not know each other then, nor do they remember the fact.

The histories of “A Boy I Knew” and the “Four Dogs” are absolutely true, from beginning to end; nothing has been invented; no incident has been palliated or elaborated. The author hopes that the volume may interest the boys and girls he does not know as much as it has interested him. He has read it more than once; he has laughed over it, and he has cried over it; it has appealed to him in a peculiar way. But then, he knew The Dogs, and he knew The Boy!

L. H.



# INTRODUCTORY NOTE

TO

EIGHTH EDITION

IN the earlier editions of the present volume, published originally in 1898, the Boy I Knew had something to say about certain Dogs who belonged to him, and to whom he belonged. There have, of course, crossed his path Some More Dogs who have influenced him; and these—actual personages all of them—he begs now, in a Supplementary Chapter, to introduce to the friends of Whiskie, Punch, Mop, and Roy.

L. H.

PRINCETON, N. J., 1900.



A BOY I KNEW



## A BOY I KNEW

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HE was not a very good boy, or a very bad boy, or a very bright boy, or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy; and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about The Boy that is commendable he owes to his father and to his mother; and he feels that he should not be held responsible for that.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else—always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything, The Boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was, "What on earth shall I do with it?" When The Boy came to her, one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from Heaven; and when she was told that it *was* a boy, and not a bad-looking or a bad-conditioned boy, her

first words were, "What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than forty years afterwards; and The Boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry! What better benediction can a boy have than that?

The Boy's father was a scholar, and a ripe and good one. Self-made and self-taught, he began the serious struggle of life when he was merely a boy himself; and reading, and writing, and spelling, and languages, and mathematics came to him by nature. He acquired by slow degrees a fine library, and out of it a vast amount of information. He never bought a book that he did not read, and he never read a book unless he considered it worth buying and worth keeping. Languages and mathematics were his particular delight. When he was tired he rested himself by the solving of a geometrical problem. He studied his Bible in Latin, in Greek, in Hebrew, and he had no small smattering of Sanskrit. His chief recreation, on a Sunday afternoon or on a long summer evening, was a walk with The Boy among the Hudson River docks, when the business of the day, or the week, was over and the ship was left in charge of some old quartermaster or third mate. To these sailors the father would talk in each sailor's own tongue, whether



THE BOY'S MOTHER





it were Dutch or Danish, Spanish or Swedish, Russian or Prussian, or a *patois* of something else, always to the great wonderment of The Boy, who to this day, after many years of foreign travel, knows little more of French than "*Combien ?*" and little more of Italian than "*Troppo caro.*" Why none of these qualities of mind came to The Boy by direct descent he does not know. He only knows that he did inherit from his parent, in an intellectual way, a sense of humor, a love for books—as books—and a certain respect for the men by whom books are written.

It seemed to The Boy that his father knew everything. Any question upon any subject was sure to bring a prompt, intelligent, and intelligible answer; and, usually, an answer followed by a question, on the father's part, which made The Boy think the matter out for himself.

The Boy was always a little bit afraid of his father, while he loved and respected him. He believed everything his father told him, because his father never fooled him but once, and that was about Santa Claus!

When his father said, "Do this," it was done. When his father told him to go or to come, he went or he came. And yet he never felt the weight of his father's hand, except in the way of kindness; and, as he looks back upon his boyhood and his manhood, he cannot recall an angry or a hasty word or a rebuke

that was not merited and kindly bestowed. His father, like the true Scotchman he was, never praised him ; but he never blamed him—except for cause.

The Boy has no recollection of his first tooth, but he remembers his first toothache as distinctly as he remembers his latest ; and he could not quite understand *then* why, when The Boy cried over that raging molar, the father walked the floor and seemed to suffer from it even more than did The Boy ; or why, when The Boy had a sore throat, the father always had symptoms of bronchitis or quinsy.

The father, alas ! did not live long enough to find out whether The Boy was to amount to much or not ; and while The Boy is proud of the fact that he is his father's son, he would be prouder still if he could think that he had done something to make his father proud of *him*.

From his father The Boy received many things besides birth and education ; many things better than pocket-money or a fixed sum per annum ; but, best of all, the father taught The Boy never to cut a string. The Boy has pulled various cords during his uneventful life, but he has untied them all. Some of the knots have been difficult and perplexing, and the contents of the bundles, generally, have been of little import when they have been revealed ; but he saved the strings unbroken, and invariably he has found those strings of great help to him in the proper

fastening of the next package he has had occasion to send away.

The father had that strong sense of humor which Dr. Johnson—who had no sense of humor whatever—denied to all Scotchmen. No surgical operation was necessary to put one of Sydney Smith's jokes into the father's head, or to keep it there. His own jokes were as original as they were harmless, and they were as delightful as was his quick appreciation of the jokes of other persons.

A long siege with a certain bicuspid had left The Boy, one early spring day, with a broken spirit and a swollen face. The father was going, that morning, to attend the funeral of his old friend, Dr. McPherson, and, before he left the house, he asked The Boy what should be brought back to him as a solace. Without hesitation, a brick of maple sugar was demanded—a very strange request, certainly, from a person in that peculiar condition of invalidism, and one which appealed strongly to the father's own sense of the ridiculous.

When the father returned, at dinner-time, he carried the brick, enveloped in many series of papers, beginning with the coarsest kind and ending with the finest kind; and each of the wrappers was fastened with its own particular bit of cord or ribbon, all of them tied in the hardest of hard knots. The process of disentanglement was long and laborious, but it was

persistently performed; and when the brick was revealed, lo! it was just a brick—not of maple sugar, but a plain, ordinary, red-clay, building brick which he had taken from some pile of similar bricks on his way up town. The disappointment was not very bitter, for The Boy knew that something else was coming; and he realized that it was the First of April and that he had been April-fooled! The something else, he remembers, was that most amusing of all amusing books, *Phœnixiana*, then just published, and over it he forgot his toothache, but not his maple sugar. All this happened when he was about twelve years of age, and he has ever since associated “Squibob” with the sweet sap of the maple, never with raging teeth.

It was necessary, however, to get even with the father, not an easy matter, as The Boy well knew; and he consulted his uncle John, who advised patient waiting. The father, he said, was absolutely devoted to *The Commercial Advertiser*, which he read every day from frontispiece to end, market reports, book notices, obituary notices, advertisements, and all; and if The Boy could hold himself in for a whole year his uncle John thought it would be worth it. *The Commercial Advertiser* of that date was put safely away for a twelvemonth, and on the First of April next it was produced, carefully folded and properly dampened, and was placed by the side



THE BOY'S UNCLE JOHN



of the father's plate ; the mother and the son making no remark, but eagerly awaiting the result. The journal was vigorously scanned ; no item of news or of business import was missed until the reader came to the funeral announcements on the third page. Then he looked at the top of the paper, through his spectacles, and then he looked, over his spectacles, at The Boy ; and he made but one observation. The subject was never referred to afterwards between them. But he looked at the date of the paper, and he looked at The Boy ; and he said : " My son, I see that old Dr. McPherson is dead again ! "

The Boy was red-headed and long-nosed, even from the beginning — a shy, introspective, self-conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by constant remarks that his hair *was* red and that his nose *was* long. At school, for years, he was known familiarly as " Rufus," " Red-Head," " Carrot-Top," or " Nosey," and at home it was almost as bad.

His mother, married at nineteen, was the eldest of a family of nine children, and many of The Boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior, and were his daily, familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time. There was a constant fear, upon the part of the elders, that he was likely to be spoiled, and consequently the rod of verbal castigation was rarely spared. He was never praised, nor petted, nor coddled ; and he was

taught to look upon himself as a youth hairily and nasally deformed and mentally of but little wit. He was always falling down, or dropping things. He was always getting into the way, and he could not learn to spell correctly or to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so. But nobody except The Boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously, and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks, and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passers-by pitied him as he walked or played in the streets, and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man, at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.

An unusual and unfortunate accident to his nose when he was eight or ten years old served to accentuate his unhappiness. The young people were making molasses candy one night in the kitchen of his maternal grandfather's house—the aunts and the uncles, some of the neighbors' children, and The Boy—and the half of a lemon, used for flavoring purposes, was dropped as it was squeezed by careless hands—very likely The Boy's own—into the boiling syrup. It was fished out and put, still full of the syrup, upon a convenient saucer, where it remained, an exceedingly fragrant object. After the odor had





THE BOY IN KILTS



been inhaled by one or two of the party, The Boy was tempted to "take a smell of it"; when an uncle, boylike, ducked the luckless nose into the still simmering lemonful. The result was terrible. Red-hot sealing-wax could not have done more damage to the tender, sensitive feature.

The Boy carried his nose in a sling for many weeks, and the bandage, naturally, twisted the nose to one side. It did not recover its natural tint for a long time, and the poor little heart was nearly broken at the thought of the fresh disfigurement. The Boy felt that he had not only an unusually long nose, but a nose that was crooked and would always be as red as his hair.

He does not remember what was done to his uncle. But the uncle was for half a century The Boy's best and most faithful of friends. And The Boy forgave him long, long ago.

The Boy's first act of self-reliance and of conscious self-dependence was a very happy moment in his young life; and it consisted in his being able to step over the nursery fender, all alone, and to toast his own shins thereby, without falling into the fire. His first realization of "getting big" came to him about the same time, and with a mingled shock of pain and pleasure, when he discovered that he could not walk under the high kitchen-table without bumping his head. He tried it very often before he learned

to go around that article of furniture, on his way from the clothes-rack, which was his tent when he camped out on rainy days, to the sink, which was his oasis in the desert of the basement floor. This kitchen was a favorite playground of The Boy, and about that kitchen-table centre many of the happiest of his early reminiscences. Ann Hughes, the cook, was very good to The Boy. She told him stories, and taught him riddles, all about a certain "Miss Netticoat," who wore a white petticoat, and who had a red nose, and about whom there still lingers a queer, contradictory legend to the effect that "the longer she stands the shorter she grows." The Boy always felt that, on account of her nose, there was a peculiar bond of sympathy between little Miss Netticoat and himself.

As he was all boy in his games, he would never cherish anything but a boy-doll, generally a Highlander, in kilts and with a glengarry, that came off! And although he became foreman of a juvenile hook-and-ladder company before he was five, and would not play with girls at all, he had one peculiar feminine weakness. His grand passion was washing and ironing. And Ann Hughes used to let him do all the laundry-work connected with the wash-rags and his own pocket-handkerchiefs, into which, regularly, every Wednesday, he burned little brown holes with the toy flat-iron, which *would* get too hot. But



THE BOY PROMOTED TO TROUSERS



Johnny Robertson and Joe Stuart and the other boys, and even the uncles and the aunts, never knew anything about that — unless Ann Hughes gave it away !

The Boy seems to have developed, very early in life, a fondness for new clothes—a fondness which his wife sometimes thinks he has quite outgrown. It is recorded that almost his first plainly spoken words were “Coat and hat,” uttered upon his promotion into a more boyish apparel than the caps and frocks of his infancy. And he remembers very distinctly his first pair of long trousers, and the impression they made upon him, in more ways than one. They were a black-and-white check, and to them was attached that especially manly article, the suspender. They were originally worn in celebration of the birth of the New Year, in 1848 or 1849, and The Boy went to his father’s store in Hudson Street, New York, to exhibit them on the next business-day thereafter. Naturally they excited much comment, and were the subject of sincere congratulation. And two young clerks of his father, The Boy’s uncles, amused themselves, and The Boy, by playing with him a then popular game called “Squails.” They put The Boy, seated, on a long counter, and they slid him, backward and forward between them, with great skill and no little force. But, before the championship was decided, The Boy’s mother broke

up the game, boxed the ears of the players, and carried the human disk home in disgrace ; pressing as she went, and not very gently, the seat of The Boy's trousers with the palm of her hand !

He remembers nothing more about the trousers, except the fact that for a time he was allowed to appear in them on Sundays and holidays only, and that he was deeply chagrined at having to go back to knickerbockers at school and at play.

The Boy's first boots were of about this same era. They were what were then known as "Wellingtons," and they had legs. The legs had red leather tops, as was the fashion in those days, and the boots were pulled on with straps. They were always taken off with the aid of the boot-jack of The Boy's father, although they could have been removed much more easily without the use of that instrument. Great was the day when The Boy first wore his first boots to school ; and great his delight at the sensation he thought they created when they were exhibited in the primary department.

The Boy's first school was a dame's school, kept by a Miss or Mrs. Harrison, in Harrison Street, near the Hudson Street house in which he was born. He was the smallest child in the establishment, and probably a pet of the larger girls, for he remembers going home to his mother in tears, because one of them had kissed him behind the class-room door.



He saw her often, in later years, but she never tried to do it again!

At that school he met his first love, one Phoebe Hawkins, a very sweet, pretty girl, as he recalls her, and, of course, considerably his senior. How far he had advanced in the spelling of proper names at that period is shown by the well-authenticated fact that he put himself on record, once as "loving his love with an F, because she was Feeby!"

Poor Phoebe Hawkins died before she was out of her teens. The family moved to Poughkeepsie when The Boy was ten or twelve, and his mother and he went there one day from Red Hook, which was their summer home, to call upon his love. When they asked, at the railroad-station, where the Hawkinses lived and how they could find the house, they were told that the carriages for the funeral would meet the next train. And, utterly unprepared for such a greeting, for at latest accounts she had been in perfect health, they stood, with her friends, by the side of Phoebe's open grave.

In his mind's eye The Boy, at the end of forty years, can see it all; and his childish grief is still fresh in his memory. He had lost a bird and a cat who were very dear to his heart, but death had never before seemed so real to him; never before had it come so near home. He never played "funeral" again.

In 1851 or 1852 The Boy went to another dame's school. It was kept by Miss Kilpatrick, on Franklin or North Moore Street. From this, as he grew in years, he was sent to the Primary Department of the North Moore Street Public School, at the corner of West Broadway, where he remained three weeks, and where he contracted a whooping-cough which lasted him three months. The other boys used to throw his hat upon an awning in the neighborhood, and then throw their own hats up under the awning in order to bounce The Boy's hat off—an amusement for which he never much cared. They were not very nice boys, anyway, especially when they made fun of his maternal grandfather, who was a trustee of the school, and who sometimes noticed The Boy after the morning prayers were said. The grandfather was very popular in the school. He came in every day, stepped upon the raised platform at the principal's desk, and said in his broad Scotch, "Good morning, boys!" to which the entire body of pupils, at the top of their lungs, and with one voice, replied, "*G-o-o-d morning, Mr. Scott!*" This was considered a great feature in the school; and strangers used to come from all over the city to witness it. Somehow it made The Boy a little bit ashamed; he does not know why. He would have liked it well enough, and been touched by it, too, if it had been some other boy's grandfather. The Boy's father



“GOOD MORNING, BOYS”



was present once—The Boy's first day ; but when he discovered that the President of the Board of Trustees was going to call on him for a speech he ran away ; and The Boy would have given all his little possessions to have run after him. The Boy knew then, as well as he knows now, how his father felt ; and he thinks of that occasion every time he runs away from some after-dinner or occasional speech which he, himself, is called upon to make.

After his North Moore Street experiences The Boy was sent to study under men teachers in boys' schools ; and he considered then that he was grown up.

The Boy, as has been said, was born without the sense of spell. The Rule of Three, it puzzled him, and fractions were as bad ; and the proper placing of e and i, or i and e, the doubling of letters in the middle of words, and how to treat the addition of a suffix in "y" or "tion" "almost drove him mad," from his childhood up. He hated to go to school, but he loved to *play* school ; and when Johnny Robertson and he were not conducting a pompous, public funeral—a certain oblong hat-brush, with a rosewood back, studded with brass tacks, serving as a coffin, in which lay the body of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, or the Duke of Wellington, all of whom died when Johnny and The Boy were about eight years old—they were teaching each other the three

immortal and exceedingly trying "R's" — reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic—in a play-school. Their favorite spelling-book was a certain old cook-book, discarded by the head of the kitchen, and considered all that was necessary for their educational purpose. From this, one afternoon, Johnnie gave out "Doughnut," with the following surprising result. Conscious of the puzzling presence of certain silent consonants and vowels, The Boy thus set it down: "D-O, dough, N-O-U-G-H-T, nut — doughnut!" and he went up head in a class of one, neither teacher nor pupil perceiving the marvellous transposition.

All The Boy's religious training was received at home, and almost his first text-book was "The Shorter Catechism," which, he confesses, he hated with all his little might. He had to learn and recite the answers to those awful questions as soon as he could recite at all, and, for years, without the slightest comprehension as to what it was all about. Even to this day he cannot tell just what "Effectual Calling," or "Justification," is; and I am sure that he shed more tears over "Effectual Calling" than would blot out the record of any number of infantile sins. He made up his youthful mind that if he could not be saved without "Effectual Calling" — whatever that was—he did not want to be saved at all. But he has thought better of it since.

It is proper to affirm here that The Boy did not



PLAYING "SCHOOL"





acquire his occasional swear-words from "The Shorter Catechism." They were born in him, as a fragment of Original Sin; and they came out of him innocently and unwittingly, and only for purposes of proper emphasis, long before the days of "Justification," and even before he knew his A, B, C's.

His earliest visit to Scotland was made when he was but four or five years of age, and long before he had assumed the dignity of trousers, or had been sent to school. His father had gone to the old home at St. Andrews hurriedly, upon the receipt of the news of the serious illness of The Boy's grandmother, who died before they reached her. Naturally, The Boy has little recollection of that sad month of December, spent in his grandfather's house, except that it *was* sad. The weather was cold and wet; the house, even under ordinary circumstances, could not have been a very cheerful one for a youngster who had no companions of his own age. It looked out upon the German Ocean—which at that time of the year was always in a rage, or in the sulks—and it was called "Peep o' Day," because it received the very first rays of the sun as he rose upon the British Isles.

The Boy's chief amusement was the feeding of "flour-scones" and oat-cakes to an old goat, who lived in the neighborhood, and in daily walks with his grandfather, who seemed to find some little com-

fort and entertainment in the lad's childish prattle. He was then almost the only grandchild; and the old man was very proud of his manner and appearance, and particularly amused at certain gigantic efforts on The Boy's part to adapt his own short legs to the strides of his senior's long ones.

After they had interviewed the goat, and had watched the wrecks with which the wild shore was strewn, and had inspected the Castle in ruins, and the ruins of the Cathedral, The Boy would be shown his grandmother's new-made grave, and his own name in full—a common name in the family—upon the family tomb in the old kirk-yard; all of which must have been very cheering to The Boy; although he could not read it for himself. And then, which was better, they would stand, hand in hand, for a long time in front of a certain candy-shop window, in which was displayed a little regiment of lead soldiers, marching in double file towards an imposing and impregnable tin fortress on the heights of barley-sugar. Of this spectacle they never tired; and they used to discuss how The Boy would arrange them if they belonged to him; with a sneaking hope on The Boy's part that, some day, they were to be his very own.

At the urgent request of the grandfather, the American contingent remained in St. Andrews until the end of the year; and The Boy still remembers vividly, and he will never forget, the dismal failure



THE BOY'S SCOTCH GRANDFATHER



of "Auld Lang Syne" as it was sung by the family, with clasped hands, as the clock struck and the New Year began. He sat up for the occasion—or, rather, was waked up for the occasion; and of all that family group he has been, for a decade or more, the only survivor. The mother of the house was but lately dead; the eldest son, and his son, were going, the next day, to the other side of the world; and every voice broke before the familiar verse came to an end.

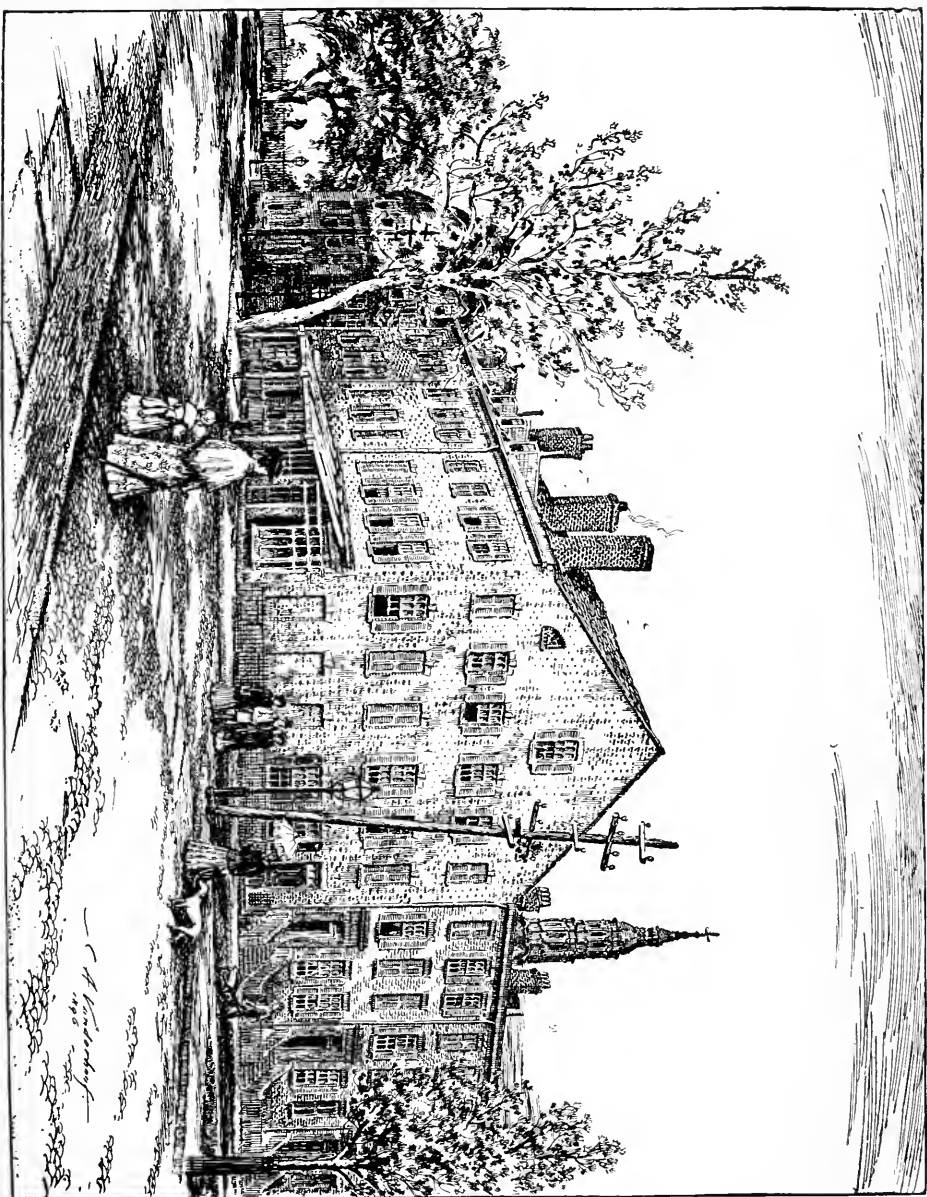
As The Boy went off to his bed he was told that his grandfather had something for him, and he stood at his knee to receive—a Bible! That it was to be the lead soldiers and the tin citadel he never for a moment doubted; and the surprise and disappointment were very great. He seems to have had presence of mind enough to conceal his feelings, and to kiss and thank the dear old man for his gift. But as he climbed slowly up the stairs, in front of his mother, and with his Bible under his arm, she overheard him sob to himself, and murmur, in his great disgust: "Well, he has given me a book! And I wonder how in thunder he thinks I am going to read his damned Scotch!"

This display of precocious profanity and of innate patriotism, upon the part of a child who could not read at all, gave unqualified pleasure to the old gentleman, and he never tired of telling the story as long as he lived.

The Boy never saw the grandfather again. He had gone to the kirk-yard, to stay, before the next visit to St. Andrews was made; and now that kirk-yard holds every one of The Boy's name and blood who is left in the town.

The Boy was taught, from the earliest awakening of his reasoning powers, that truth was to be told and to be respected, and that nothing was more wicked or more ungentlemanly than a broken promise. He learned very early to do as he was told, and not to do, under any consideration, what he had said he would not do. Upon this last point he was almost morbidly conscientious, although once, literally, he "beat about the bush." His aunt Margaret, always devoted to plants and to flowers, had, on the back stoop of his grandfather's house, a little grove of orange and lemon trees, in pots. Some of these were usually in fruit or in flower, and the fruit to The Boy was a great temptation. He was very fond of oranges, and it seemed to him that a "home-made" orange, which he had never tasted, must be much better than a grocer's orange; as home-made cake was certainly preferable, even to the wonderful cakes made by the professional Mrs. Milderberger. He watched those little green oranges from day to day, as they gradually grew big and yellow in the sun. He promised faithfully that he would not pick any of them, but he had a notion that some of them might drop

THE HOUSE OF THE BOY'S GRANDFATHER—CORNER OF HUDSON AND NORTH MOORE STREETS







off. He never shook the trees, because he said he would not. But he shook the stoop! And he hung about the bush, which he was too honest to beat. One unusually tempting orange, which he had known from its bud-hood, finally overcame him. He did not pick it off, he did not shake it off; he compromised with his conscience by lying flat on his back and biting off a piece of it. It was not a very good action, nor was it a very good orange, and for that reason, perhaps, he went home immediately and told on himself. He told his mother. He did not tell his aunt Margaret. His mother did not seem to be as much shocked at his conduct as he was. But, in her own quiet way, she gave him to understand that promises were not made to be cracked any more than they were made to be broken—that he had been false to himself in heart, if not in deed, and that he must go back and make it “all right” with his aunt Margaret. She did not seem to be very much shocked, either; he could not tell why. But they punished The Boy. They made him eat the rest of the orange!

He lost all subsequent interest in that tropical glade, and he has never cared much for domestic oranges since.

Among the many bumps which are still conspicuously absent in The Boy's phrenological development are the bumps of Music and Locality. He

whistled as soon as he acquired front teeth ; and he has been singing "God Save the Queen" at the St. Andrew's Society dinners, on November the 30th, ever since he came of age. But that is as far as his sense of harmony goes. He took music-lessons for three quarters, and then his mother gave it up in despair. The instrument was a piano. The Boy could not stretch an octave with his right hand, the little finger of which had been broken by a shinny-stick ; and he could not do anything whatever with his left hand. He was constantly dropping his bass-notes, which, he said, were "understood." And even Miss Ferguson—most patient of teachers—declared that it was of no use.

The piano to The Boy has been the most offensive of instruments ever since. And when his mother's old piano, graceful in form, and with curved legs which are still greatly admired, lost its tone, and was transformed into a sideboard, he felt, for the first time, that music had charms.

He had to practise half an hour a day, by a thirty-minute sand-glass that could *not* be set ahead ; and he shed tears enough over "The Carnival of Venice" to have raised the tide in the Grand Canal. They blurred the sharps and the flats on the music-books—those tears ; they ran the crotchets and the quavers together, and, rolling down his cheeks, they even splashed upon his not very clean little



"ALWAYS IN THE WAY"



hands ; and, literally, they covered the keys with mud.

Another serious trial to The Boy was dancing-school. In the first place, he could not turn round without becoming dizzy ; in the second place, he could not learn the steps to turn round with ; and in the third place, when he did dance he had to dance with a girl ! There was not a boy in all Charraud's, or in all Dodworth's, who could escort a girl back to her seat, after the dance was over, in better time, or make his "thank-you bow" with less delay. His only voluntary terpsichorean effort at a party was the march to supper ; and the only steps he ever took with anything like success were during the promenade in the lancers. In "hands-all-round" he invariably started with the wrong hand ; and if in the set there were girls big enough to wear long dresses, he never failed to tear such out at the gathers. If anybody fell down in the polka it was always The Boy ; and if anybody bumped into anybody else, The Boy was always the bumper, unless his partner could hold him up and steer him straight.

Games, at parties, he enjoyed more than dancing, although he did not care very much for "Pillows and Keys," until he became courageous enough to kneel before somebody except his maiden aunts. "Porter" was less embarrassing, because, when the door was shut, nobody but the little girl who called

him out could tell whether he kissed her or not. All this happened a long time ago !

The only social function in which The Boy took any interest whatever was the making of New-Year's calls. Not that he cared to make New-Year's calls in themselves, but because he wanted to make more New-Year's calls than were made by any other boy. His "list," based upon last year's list, was commenced about February 1 ; and it contained the names of every person whom The Boy knew, or thought he knew, whether that person knew The Boy or not, from Mrs. Penrice, who boarded opposite the Bowling Green, to the Leggats and the Faures, who lived near Washington Parade Ground, the extreme social limits of his city in those days. He usually began by making a formal call upon his own mother, who allowed him to taste the pickled oysters as early as ten in the morning ; and he invariably wound up by calling upon Ann Hughes in the kitchen, where he met the soap-fat man, who was above his profession, and likewise the sexton of Ann Hughes's church, who generally came with Billy, the barber on the corner of Franklin Street. There were certain calls The Boy always made with his father, during which he did not partake of pickled oysters ; but he had pickled oysters everywhere else ; and they never seemed to do him any serious harm.



READY FOR A NEW-YEAR'S CALL





The Boy, if possible, kept his new overcoat until New Year's Day—and he never left it in the hall when he called! He always wore new green kid gloves—why green?—fastened at the wrists with a single hook and eye; and he never took off his kid gloves when he called, except on that particular New Year's Day when his aunt Charlotte gave him the bloodstone seal-ring, which, at first, was too big for his little finger,—the only finger on which a seal-ring *could* be worn—and had to be made temporarily smaller with a piece of string.

When he received, the next New Year, new studs and a scarf-pin—all bloodstones, to match the ring—he exhibited no little ingenuity of toilet in displaying them both, because studs are hardly visible when one wears a scarf, unless the scarf is kept out of the perpendicular by stuffing one end of it into the sleeve of a jacket; which requires constant attention and a good deal of bodily contortion.

When The Boy met Johnny Robertson or Joe Stuart making calls, they never recognized each other, except when they were calling together, which did not often occur. It was an important rule in their social code to appear as strangers in-doors, although they would wait for each other outside, and compare lists. When they *did* present themselves collectively in any drawing-room, one boy—usually The Boy's cousin Lew—was detailed to whisper “T.

T." when he considered that the proper limit of the call was reached. "T. T." stood for "Time to Travel"; and at the signal all conversation was abruptly interrupted, and the party trooped out in single file. The idea was not original with the boys. It was borrowed from the hook-and-ladder company, which made all *its* calls in a body, and in two of Kipp and Brown's stages, hired for the entire day. The boys always walked.

The great drawbacks to the custom of making New-Year's calls were the calls which *had* to be made after the day's hard work was supposed to be over, and when The Boy and his father, returning home very tired, were told that they *must* call upon Mrs. Somebody, and upon Mrs. Somebody-else, whom they had neglected to visit, because the husbands and the sons of these ladies had called upon the mother of The Boy. New Year's Day was not the shortest day of the year, by any means, but it was absolutely necessary to return the Somebody's call, no matter how late the hour, or how tired the victims of the social law. And it bored the ladies of the Somebody household as much as it bored the father and The Boy.

The Boy was always getting lost. The very first time he went out alone he got lost! Told not to go off the block, he walked as far as the corner of Leonard Street, put his arm around the lamp-post,



A NEW-YEAR'S CALL



swung himself in a circle, had his head turned the wrong way, and marched off, at a right angle, along the side street, with no home visible anywhere, and not a familiar sign in sight. A ship at sea without a rudder, a solitary wanderer in the Great American Desert without a compass, could not have been more utterly astray. The Boy was so demoralized that he forgot his name and address; and when a kindly policeman picked him up, and carried him over the way, to the Leonard Street station-house for identification, he felt as if the end of everything had come. It was bad enough to be arrested, but how was he to satisfy his own conscience, and explain matters to his mother, when it was discovered that he had broken his solemn promise, and crossed the street? He had no pocket-handkerchief; and he remembers that he spoiled the long silk streamers of his Glen-garry bonnet by wiping his eyes upon them. He was recognized by his Forty-second-plaid gingham frock, a familiar object in the neighborhood, and he was carried back to his parents, who had not had time to miss him, and who, consequently, were not distracted. He lost nothing by the adventure but himself, his self-respect, a pint of tears—and one shoe.

He was afterwards lost in Greenwich Street, having gone there on the back step of an ice-cart; and once he was conveyed as far as the Hudson River Railroad Depot, at Chambers Street, on his sled, which he had

hitched to the milkman's wagon, and could not untie. This was very serious, indeed; for The Boy realized that he had not only lost himself but his sleigh, too. Aunt Henrietta found The Boy sitting disconsolately in front of Wall's bake-shop; but the sleigh did not turn up for several days. It was finally discovered, badly scratched, in the possession of "The Head of the Rovers."

"The Hounds" and "The Rovers" were rival bands of boys, not in The Boy's set, who for many years made out-door life miserable to The Boy and to his friends. They threw stones and mud at each other, and at everybody else; and The Boy was not infrequently blamed for the windows they broke. They punched all the little boys who were better dressed than they were, and they were even depraved enough, and mean enough, to tell the driver every time The Boy or Johnny Robertson attempted to "cut behind."

There was also a band of unattached guerillas who aspired to be, and often pretended to be, either "Hounds" or "Rovers"—they did not care which. They always hunted in couples, and if they met The Boy alone they asked him to which of the organizations he himself belonged. If he said he was a "Rover," they claimed to be "Hounds," and pounded him. If he declared himself in sympathy with the "Hounds," they hoisted the "Rovers'" colors, and



TOM RILEY'S LIBERTY POLE





punched him again. If he disclaimed both associations, they punched him anyway, on general principles. "The Head of the Rovers" was subsequently killed, in front of Tom Riley's liberty-pole in Franklin Street, in a fireman's riot, and "The Chief of the Hounds," who had a club-foot, became a respectable egg-merchant, with a stand in Washington Market, near the Root-beer Woman's place of business, on the south side. The Boy met two of the gang near the Desbrosses Street Ferry only the other day; but they did not recognize The Boy.

The only spot where The Boy felt really safe from the interference of "The Hounds" and "The Rovers" was in St. John's Square, that delightful oasis in the desert of brick and mortar and cobble-stones which was known as the Fifth Ward. It was a private enclosure, bounded on the north by Laight Street, on the south by Beach Street, on the east by Varick Street, and on the west by Hudson Street; and its site is now occupied by the great freight-warehouses of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.

In the "Fifties," and long before, it was a private park, to which only the property owners in its immediate neighborhood had access. It possessed fine old trees, winding gravel-walks, and meadows of grass. In the centre was a fountain, whereupon, in the proper season, the children were allowed to skate on both

feet, which was a great improvement over the one-foot gutter-slides outside. The Park was surrounded by a high iron railing, broken here and there by massive gates, to which The Boy had a key. But he always climbed over. It was a point of etiquette, in The Boy's set, to climb over on all occasions, whether the gates were unlocked or not. And The Boy, many a time, has been known to climb over a gate, although it stood wide open! He not infrequently tore his clothes on the sharp spikes by which the gates were surmounted; but that made no difference to The Boy—until he went home!

The Boy once had a fight in the Park, with Bill Rice, about a certain *lignum-vitæ* peg-top, of which The Boy was very fond, and which Bill Rice kicked into the fountain. The Boy got mad, which was wrong and foolish of The Boy; and The Boy, also, got licked. And The Boy never could make his mother understand why he was silly and careless enough to cut his under-lip by knocking it against Bill Rice's knuckles. Bill subsequently apologized by saying that he did not mean to kick the top into the fountain. He merely meant to kick the top. And it was all made up.

The Boy did not fight much. His nose was too long. It seemed that he could not reach the end of it with his fists when he fought; and that the other fellows could always reach it with theirs, no matter



THE BOY ALWAYS CLIMBED OVER



how far out, or how scientifically, his left arm was extended. It was "One, two, three—and recover"—on The Boy's nose! The Boy was a good runner. His legs were the only part of his anatomy which seemed to him as long as his nose. And his legs saved his nose in many a fierce encounter.

The Boy first had daily admission to St. John's Park after the family moved to Hubert Street, when The Boy was about ten years old; and for half a decade or more it was his happy hunting-ground—when he was not kept in school! It was a particularly pleasant place in the autumn and winter months; for he could then gather "smoking-beans" and horse-chestnuts; and he could roam at will all over the grounds without any hateful warning to "Keep Off the Grass."

The old gardener, generally a savage defender of the place, who had no sense of humor as it was exhibited in boy nature, sometimes let the boys rake the dead leaves into great heaps and make bonfires of them, if the wind happened to be in the right direction. And then what larks! The bonfire was a house on fire, and the great garden-roller, a very heavy affair, was "Engine No. 42," with which the boys ran to put the fire out. They all shouted as loudly and as unnecessarily as real firemen did, in those days; the foreman gave his orders through a real trumpet, and one boy had a real fireman's hat

with "Engine No. 42" on it. He was chief engineer, but he did not run with the machine: not because he was chief engineer, but because while in active motion he could not keep his hat on. It was his father's hat, and its extraordinary weight was considerably increased by the wads of newspaper packed in the lining to make it fit. The chief engineer held the position for life on the strength of the hat, which he would not lend to anybody else. The rest of the officers of the company were elected, *viva voce*, every time there was a fire.

This entertainment came to an end, like everything else, when the gardener chained the roller to the tool-house, after Bob Stuart fell under the machine and was rolled so flat that he had to be carried home on a stretcher, made of overcoats tied together by the sleeves. That is the only recorded instance in which the boys, particularly Bob, left the Park without climbing over. And the bells sounded a "general alarm." The dent made in the path by Bob's body was on exhibition until the next snow-storm.

The favorite amusements in the Park were shinny, baseball, one-old-cat, and fires. The Columbia Baseball Club was organized in 1853 or 1854. It had nine members, and The Boy was secretary and treasurer. The uniform consisted chiefly of a black leather belt with the initials **C B & C** in white letters, hand-painted, and generally turned the wrong way.



THE CHIEF ENGINEER





The first base was an ailantus-tree ; the second base was another ailantus-tree ; the third base was a button-ball-tree ; the home base was a marble headstone, brought for that purpose from an old burying-ground not far away ; and "over the fence" was a home-run. A player was caught out on the second bounce, and he was "out" if hit by a ball thrown at him as he ran. The Boy was put out once by a crack on the ear, which put The Boy out very much.

"The Hounds" and "The Rovers" challenged "The Columbias" repeatedly. But that was looked upon simply as an excuse to get into the Park, and the challenges were never accepted. The challengers were forced to content themselves with running off with the balls which went over the fence ; an action on their part which made home-runs through that medium very unpopular and very expensive. In the whole history of "The Hounds" and "The Rovers," nothing that they pirated was ever returned but The Boy's sled.

Contemporary with the Columbia Baseball Club was a so-called "Mind-cultivating Society," organized by the undergraduates of McElligott's School, in Greene Street. The Boy, as usual, was secretary when he was not treasurer. The object was "Debates," but all the debating was done at the business meetings, and no mind ever became sufficiently cul-

tivated to master the intricacies of parliamentary law. The members called it a Secret Society, and on their jackets they wore, as conspicuously as possible, a badge-pin consisting of a blue enamelled circlet containing Greek letters in gold. In a very short time the badge-pin was all that was left of the Society; but to this day the secret of the Society has never been disclosed. No one ever knew, or will ever know, what the Greek letters stood for—not even the members themselves.

The Boy was never a regular member of any fire-company, but almost as long as the old Volunteer Fire Department existed, he was what was known as a "Runner." He was attached, in a sort of brevet way, to "Pearl Hose No. 28," and, later, to "11 Hook and Ladder." He knew all the fire districts into which the city was then divided; his ear was always alert, even in the St. John's Park days, for the sound of the alarm-bell, and he ran to every fire at any hour of the day or night, up to ten o'clock P.M. He did not do much when he got to the fire but stand around and "holler." But once—a proud moment—he helped steer the hook-and-ladder truck to a false alarm in Macdougall Street—and once—a very proud moment, indeed—he went into a tenement-house, near Dr. Thompson's church, in Grand Street, and carried two negro babies down-stairs in his arms. There was no earthly reason why the



“MRS. ROBERTSON DESCENDED IN FORCE UPON THE  
DEVOTED BAND”



babies should not have been left in their beds ; and the colored family did not like it, because the babies caught cold ! But The Boy, for once in his life, tasted the delights of self-conscious heroism.

When The Boy, as a bigger boy, was not running to fires he was going to theatres, the greater part of his allowance being spent in the box-offices of Burton's Chambers Street house, of Brougham's Lyceum, corner of Broome Street and Broadway, of Niblo's, and of Castle Garden. There were no afternoon performances in those days, except now and then when the Ravels were at Castle Garden ; and the admission to pit and galleries was usually two shillings — otherwise, twenty - five cents. His first play, so far as he remembers, was " The Stranger," a play dismal enough to destroy any taste for the drama, one would suppose, in any juvenile mind. He never cared very much to see " The Stranger " again, but nothing that was a play was too deep or too heavy for him. He never saw the end of any of the more elaborate productions, unless his father took him to the theatre (as once in a while he did), for it was a strict rule of the house, until The Boy was well up in his teens, that he must be in by ten o'clock. His father did not ask him where he was going, or where he had been ; but the curfew in Hubert Street tolled at ten. The Boy calculated carefully and exactly how many minutes it took him to

run to Hubert Street from Brougham's or from Burton's ; and by the middle of the second act his watch—a small silver affair with a hunting-case, in which he could not keep an uncracked crystal—was always in his hand. He never disobeyed his father, and for years he never knew what became of Claude Melnotte after he went to the wars; or if Damon got back in time to save Pythias before the curtain fell. The Boy, naturally, had a most meagre notion as to what all these plays were about, but he enjoyed his fragments of them as he rarely enjoys plays now. Sometimes, in these days, when the air is bad, and plays are worse, and big hats are worse than either, he wishes that he were forced to leave the modern play-house at nine-forty-five, on pain of no supper that night, or twenty lines of "Virgil" the next day.

On very stormy afternoons the boys played theatre in the large garret of The Boy's Hubert Street house ; a convenient closet, with a door and a window, serving for the Castle of Elsinore in "Hamlet," for the gunroom of the ship in "Black-eyed Susan," or for the studio of Phidias in "The Marble Heart," as the case might be. "The Brazilian Ape," as requiring more action than words, was a favorite entertainment, only they all wanted to play Jocko the Ape; and they would have made no little success out of the "Lady of Lyons" if any of them had



THE BOY AS VIRGINIUS





been willing to play Pauline. Their costumes and properties were slight and not always accurate, but they could "launch the curse of Rome," and describe "two hearts beating as one," in a manner rarely equalled on the regular stage. The only thing they really lacked was an audience, neither Lizzie Gustin nor Ann Hughes ever being able to sit through more than one act at a time. When The Boy, as Virginus, with his uncle Aleck's sword-cane, stabbed all the feathers out of the pillow which represented the martyred Virginia; and when Joe Stuart, as Falstaff, broke the bottom out of Ann Hughes's clothes-basket, the license was revoked, and the season came to an untimely end.

Until the beginning of the weekly, or the fortnightly, sailings of the Collins line of steamers from the foot of Canal Street (a spectacle which they never missed in any weather), Joe Stuart, Johnny Robertson, and The Boy played "The Deerslayer" every Saturday in the back-yard of The Boy's house. The area-way was Glimmer-glass, in which they fished, and on which they canoed; the back-stoop was Muskrat Castle; the rabbits were all the wild beasts of the Forest; Johnny was Hawk-Eye, The Boy was Hurry Harry, and Joe Stuart was Chingachgook. Their only food was half-baked potatoes—sweet potatoes if possible—which they cooked themselves and ate ravenously, with butter and salt, if Ann Hughes was

amiable, and entirely unseasoned if Ann was disposed to be disobliging.

They talked what they fondly believed was the dialect of the Delaware tribe, and they were constantly on the lookout for the approaches of Rivenoak, or the Panther, who were represented by any member of the family who chanced to stray into the enclosure. They carefully turned their toes in when they walked, making so much effort in this matter that it took a great deal of dancing-school to get their feet back to the "first position" again; and they even painted their faces when they were on the war-path. The rabbits had the worst of it!

The campaign came to a sudden and disastrous conclusion when the hostile tribes, headed by Mrs. Robertson, descended in force upon the devoted band, because Chingachgook broke one of Hawk-Eye's front teeth with an arrow, aimed at the biggest of the rabbits, which was crouching by the side of the roots of the grape-vine, and playing that he was a panther of enormous size.

Johnny Robertson and The Boy had one great superstition—to wit, Cracks! For some now inexplicable reason they thought it unlucky to step on cracks; and they made daily and hourly spectacles of themselves in the streets by the eccentric irregularity of their gait. Now they would take long strides, like a pair of ostriches, and now short, quick

steps, like a couple of robins; now they would hop on both feet, like a brace of sparrows; now they would walk on their heels, now on their toes; now with their toes turned in, now with their toes turned out—at right angles, in a splay-footed way; now they would walk with their feet crossed, after the manner of the hands of very fancy, old-fashioned piano-players, skipping from base to treble—over cracks. The whole performance would have driven a sensitive drill-sergeant or ballet-master to distraction. And when they came to a brick sidewalk they would go all around the block to avoid it. They could cross Hudson Street on the cobblestones with great effort, and in great danger of being run over; but they could not possibly travel upon a brick pavement, and avoid the cracks. What would have happened to them if they *did* step on a crack they did not exactly know. But, for all that, they never stepped on cracks—of their own free will!

The Boy's earliest attempts at versification were found, the other day, in an old desk, and at the end of almost half a century. The copy is in his own boyish, ill-spelled print; and it bears no date. The present owner, his aunt Henrietta, well remembers the circumstances and the occasion, however, having been an active participant in the acts the poem describes, although she avers that she had no hand in its composition. The original, it seems, was tran-

scribed by The Boy upon the cover of a soap-box, which served as a head-stone to one of the graves in his family burying-ground, situated in the back-yard of the Hudson Street house, from which he was taken before he was nine years of age. The monument stood against the fence, and this is the legend it bore—rhyme, rhythm, metre, and orthography being carefully preserved :

“Three little kitens of our old cat  
Were berrid this day in this  
grassplat.  
They came to there deth in  
an old slop pale,  
And after loosing their breth  
They were pulled out by  
the tale.  
These three little kitens have  
returned to their maker,  
And were put in the grave by  
The Boy,<sup>1</sup>  
Undertaker.”

At about this period The Boy officiated at the funeral of another cat, but in a somewhat more exalted capacity. It was the Cranes' cat, at Red Hook—a Maltese lady, who always had yellow kittens. The Boy does not remember the cause of the cat's death, but he thinks that Uncle Andrew Knox ran over her, with the “dyspepsia-wagon”—so called because it had no springs. Anyway, the cat died,

and had to be buried. The grave was dug in the garden of the tavern, near the swinging-gate to the stable, and the whole family attended the services. Jane Purdy, in a deep crape veil, was the chief mourner; The Boy's aunts were pall-bearers, in white scarves; The Boy was the clergyman; while the kittens—who did not look at all like their mother—were on hand in a funeral basket, with black shoestrings tied around their necks.

Jane was supposed to be the disconsolate widow. She certainly looked the part to perfection; and it never occurred to any of them that a cat, with kittens, could not possibly have left a widow behind her.

The ceremony was most impressive; the bereaved kittens were loud in their grief; when, suddenly, the village-bell tolled for the death of an old gentleman whom everybody loved, and the comedy became a tragedy. The older children were conscience-stricken at the mummery, and they ran, demoralized and shocked, into the house, leaving The Boy and the kittens behind them. Jane Purdy tripped over her veil, and one of the kittens was stepped on in the crush. But The Boy proceeded with the funeral.

When The Boy got as far as a room of his own, papered with scenes from circus-posters, and peopled by tin soldiers, he used to play that his bed was the barge *Mayflower*, running from Barrytown to the

foot of Jay Street, North River, and that he was her captain and crew. She made nightly trips between the two ports; and by day, when she was not tied up to the door-knob—which was Barrytown—she was moored to the handle of the wash-stand drawer—which was the dock at New York. She never was wrecked, and she never ran aground; but great was the excitement of The Boy when, as not infrequently was the case, on occasions of sweeping, Hannah, the up-stairs girl, set her adrift.

The *Mayflower* was seriously damaged by fire once, owing to the careless use, by a deck-hand, of a piece of punk on the night before the Fourth of July; this same deck-hand being nearly blown up early the very next morning by a bunch of fire-crackers which went off—by themselves—in his lap. He did not know, for a second or two, whether the barge had burst her boiler or had been struck by lightning!

Barrytown is the river port of Red Hook—a charming Dutchess County hamlet in which The Boy spent the first summer of his life, and in which he spent the better part of every succeeding summer for a quarter of a century; and he sometimes goes there yet, although many of the names he knows were carved, in the long-agoes, on the tomb. He always went up and down, in those days, on the *Mayflower*, the real boat of that name, which was hardly more



JOE STUART





real to him than was the trundle-bed of his vivid, nightly imagination. They sailed from New York at five o'clock P.M., an hour looked for, and longed for, by The Boy, as the very beginning of summer, with all its delightful young charms; and they arrived at their destination about five of the clock the next morning, by which time The Boy was wide awake, and on the lookout for Lasher's Stage, in which he was to travel the intervening three miles. And eagerly he recognized, and loved, every landmark on the road. Barringer's Corner; the half-way tree; the road to the creek and to Madame Knox's; and, at last, the village itself, and the tavern, and the tobacco-factory, and Massoneau's store, over the way; and then, when Jane Purdy had shown him the new kittens and the little chickens, and he had talked to "Fido" and "Fanny," or to Fido alone after Fanny was stolen by gypsies—Fanny was Fido's wife, and a poodle—he rushed off to see Bob Hendricks, who was just his own age, barring a week, and who has been his warm friend for more than half a century; and then what good times The Boy had!

Bob was possessed of a grandfather who could make kites, and swings, and parallel-bars, and things which The Boy liked; and Bob had a mother—and he has her yet, happy Bob!—who made the most wonderful of cookies, perfectly round, with sparkling

globules of sugar on them, and little round holes in the middle; and Bob and The Boy for days, and weeks, and months together hen's-egged, and rode in the hay-carts, and went for the mail every noon, and boosted each other up into the best pound-sweet-tree in the neighborhood; and pelted each other with little green apples, which weighed about a pound to the peck; and gathered currants and chestnuts in season; and with long straws they sucked new cider out of bung-holes; and learned to swim; and caught their first fish; and did all the pleasant things that all boys do.

At Red Hook they smoked their first cigar—half a cigar, left by uncle Phil—and they wished they hadn't! And at Red Hook they disobeyed their mothers once, and were found out. They were told not to go wading in the creek upon pain of not going to the creek at all; and for weeks they were deprived of the delights of the society of the Faure boys, through whose domain the creek ran, because, when they went to bed on that disastrous night, it was discovered that Bob had on The Boy's stockings, and that The Boy was wearing Bob's socks; a piece of circumstantial evidence which convicted them both. When the embargo was raised and they next went to the creek, it is remembered that Bob tore his trousers in climbing over a log, and that The Boy fell in altogether.

The Boy usually kept his promises, however, and he was known even to keep a candy-cane—twenty-eight inches long, red and white striped like a barber's pole—for a fortnight, because his mother limited him to the consumption of two inches a day. But he could not keep any knees to his trousers; and when The Boy's mother threatened to sew buttons—brass buttons, with sharp and penetrating eyes—on to that particular portion of the garment in question, he wanted to know, in all innocence, how they expected him to say his prayers!

One of Bob's earliest recollections of The Boy is connected with a toy express-wagon on four wheels, which could almost turn around on its own axis. The Boy imported this vehicle into Red Hook one summer, and they used it for the transportation of their chestnuts and their currants and their apples, green and ripe, and the mail, and most of the dust of the road; and Bob thinks, to this day, that nothing in all these after years has given him so much profound satisfaction and enjoyment as did that little cart.

Bob remembers, too—what The Boy tries to forget—The Boy's daily practice of half an hour on the piano borrowed by The Boy's mother from Mrs. Bates for that dire purpose. Mrs. Bates's piano is almost the only unpleasant thing associated with Red Hook in all The Boy's experience of that happy village. It was pretty hard on The Boy, because, in

The Boy's mind, Red Hook should have been a place of unbroken delights. But The Boy's mother wanted to make an all-round man of him, and when his mother said so, of course it had to be done or tried. Bob used to go with The Boy as far as Dr. Bates's house, and then hang about on the gate until The Boy was released; and he asserts that the music which came out of the window in response to The Boy's inharmonic touch had no power whatever to soothe his own savage young breast. He attributes all his later disinclination to music to those dreary thirty minutes of impatient waiting.

The piano and its effect upon The Boy's uncertain temper *may* have been the innocent cause of the first, and only, approach to a quarrel which The Boy and Bob ever had. The prime cause, however, was, of course, a girl! They were playing, that afternoon, at Cholwell Knox's, when Cholwell said something about Julia Booth which Bob resented, and there was a fight, The Boy taking Cholwell's part; why, he cannot say, unless it was because of his jealousy of Bob's affection and admiration for that charming young teacher, who won all hearts in the village, The Boy's among the number. Anyway, Bob was driven from the field by the hard little green apples of the Knox orchard; more hurt, he declares, by the desertion of his ally than by all the blows he received.



MUSIC LESSONS



It never happened again, dear Bob, and, please God, it never will!

Another trouble The Boy had in Red Hook was Dr. McNamee, a resident dentist, who operated upon The Boy, now and then. He was a little more gentle than was The Boy's city dentist, Dr. Castle; but he hurt, for all that. Dr. Castle lived in Fourth Street, opposite Washington Parade Ground, and on the same block with Clarke and Fanning's school. And to this day The Boy would go miles out of his way rather than pass Dr. Castle's house. Personally Dr. Castle was a delightful man, who told The Boy amusing stories, which The Boy could not laugh at while his mouth was wide open. But professionally Dr. Castle was to The Boy an awful horror, of whom he always dreamed when his dreams were particularly bad. As he looks back upon his boyhood, with its frequent toothache and its long hours in the dentists' chairs, The Boy sometimes thinks that if he had his life to live over again, and could not go through it without teeth, he would prefer not to be born at all!

It has rather amused The Boy, in his middle age, to learn of the impressions he made upon Red Hook in his extreme youth. Bob, as has been shown, associates him with a little cart, and with a good deal of the concord of sweet sounds. One old friend remembers nothing but his phenomenal capacity for

the consumption of chicken pot-pie. Another old friend can recall the scrupulously clean white duck suits which he wore of afternoons, and also the blue-checked long apron which he was forced to wear in the mornings; both of them exceedingly distasteful to The Boy, because the apron was a girl's garment, and because the duck suit meant "dress-up," and only the mildest of genteel play; while Bob's sister dwells chiefly now upon the wonderful valentine The Boy sent once to Zillah Crane. It was so large that it had to have an especial envelope made to fit it; and it was so magnificent, and so delicate, that, notwithstanding the envelope, it came in a box of its own. It had actual lace, and pinkish Cupids reclining on light-blue clouds; and in the centre of all was a compressible bird-cage, which, when it was pulled out, like an accordion, displayed not a dove merely, but a plain gold ring—a real ring, made of real gold. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in all Dutchess County; and it was seen and envied by every girl of Zillah's age between Rhinebeck and Tivoli, between Barrytown and Pine Plains.

The Boy did an extensive business in the valentine line, in the days when February Fourteenth meant much more to boys than it does now. He sent sentimental valentines to Phœbe Hawkins and comic valentines to Ann Hughes, both of them written anonymously, and both directed in a disguised hand.



But both recipients always knew from whom they came; and, in all probability, neither of them was much affected by the receipt. The Boy, as he has put on record elsewhere, never really, in his inmost heart, thought that comic valentines were so very comic, because those that came to him usually reflected upon his nose, or were illuminated with portraits of gentlemen of all ages adorned with supernaturally red hair.

In later years, when Bob and The Boy could swim—a little—and had learned to take care of themselves in water over their heads, the mill-pond at Red Hook played an important part in their daily life there. They sailed it, and fished it, and camped out on its banks, with Ed Curtis—before Ed went to West Point—and with Dick Hawley, Josie Briggs, and Frank Rodgers, all first-rate fellows. But that is another story.

The Boy was asked, a year or two ago, to write a paper upon "The Books of his Boyhood." And when he came to think the matter over he discovered, to his surprise, that the Books of his Boyhood consisted of but one book! It was bound in two twelvemo green cloth volumes; it bore the date of 1850, and it was filled with pictorial illustrations of "The Personal History and Experiences of David Copperfield, the Younger." It was the first book The Boy ever read, and he thought then, and some-

times he thinks now, that it was the greatest book ever written. The traditional books of the childhood of other children came later to The Boy: "Robinson Crusoe," and the celebrated "Swiss Family" of the same name; "The Desert Home," of Mayne Reid; Marryat's "Peter Simple"; "The Leather Stocking Tales"; "Rob Roy"; and "The Three Guardsmen" were well thumbed and well liked; but they were not The Boy's first love in fiction, and they never usurped, in his affections, the place of the true account of David Copperfield. It was a queer book to have absorbed the time and attention of a boy of eight or nine, who had to skip the big words, who did not understand it all, but who cried, as he has cried but once since, whenever he came to that dreadful chapter which tells the story of the taking away of David's mother, and of David's utter, hopeless desolation over his loss.

How the book came into The Boy's possession he cannot now remember, nor is he sure that his parents realized how much, or how often, he was engrossed in its contents. It cheered him in the measles, it comforted him in the mumps. He took it to school with him, and he took it to bed with him; and he read it, over and over again, especially the early chapters; for he did not care so much for David after David became Trotwood, and fell in love.

When, in 1852, after his grandfather's death, The

Boy first saw London, it was not the London of the Romans, the Saxons, or the Normans, or the London of the Plantagenets or the Tudors, but the London of the Micawbers and the Traddleses, the London of Murdstone and Grinby, the London of Dora's Aunt and of Jip. On his arrival at Euston Station the first object upon which his eyes fell was a donkey-cart, a large wooden tray on wheels, driven, at a rapid pace, by a long-legged young man, and followed, at a pace hardly so rapid, by a boy of about his own age, who seemed in great mental distress. This was the opening scene. And London, from that moment, became to him, and still remains, a great moving panorama of David Copperfield.

He saw the Orfling, that first evening, snorting along Tottenham Court Road ; he saw Mealy Potatoes, in a ragged apron and a paper cap, lounging along Broad Street ; he saw Martha disappear swiftly and silently into one of the dirty streets leading from Seven Dials ; he saw innumerable public-houses—the Lion, or the Lion and something else—in any one of which David might have consumed that memorable glass of Genuine Stunning ale with a good head on it. As they drove through St. Martin's Lane, and past a court at the back of the church, he even got a glimpse of the exterior of the shop where was sold a special pudding, made of currants, but dear ; a two-pennyworth being no larger than a pennyworth of

more ordinary pudding at any other establishment in the neighborhood. And, to crown all, when he looked out of his back bedroom window, at Morley's Hotel, he discovered that he was looking at the actual bedroom windows of the Golden Cross on the Strand, in which Steerforth and little Copperfield had that disastrous meeting which indirectly brought so much sorrow to so many innocent men and women.

This was but the beginning of countless similar experiences, and the beginning of a love for Landmarks of a more important but hardly of a more delightful character. Hungerford Market and Hungerford Stairs, with the blacking-warehouse abutting on the water when the tide was in, and on the mud when the tide was out, still stood near Morley's in 1852; and very close to them stood then, and still stands to-day, the old house in Buckingham Street, Adelphi, where, with Mrs. Crupp, Trotwood Copperfield found his lodgings when he began his new life with Spenlow and Jorkins. These chambers, once the home of Clarkson Stanfield, and since of Mr. William Black and of Dr. B. E. Martin, became, in later days, very familiar to The Boy, and still are haunted by the great crowd of the ghosts of the past. The Boy has seen there, within a few years, and with his eyes wide open, the spirits of Traddles, of Micawber, of Steerforth, of Mr. Dick, of Clara

Peggotty and Daniel, of Uriah Heep—the last slept one evening on the sofa pillows before the fire, you may remember—and of Aunt Betsy herself. But in 1852 he could only look at the outside of the house, and, now and then, when the door was open, get a glimpse of the stairs down which some one fell and rolled, one evening, when somebody else said it was Copperfield!

The Boy never walked along the streets of London by his father's side during that memorable summer without meeting, in fancy, some friend of David's, without passing some spot that David knew, and loved, or hated. And he recognized St. Paul's Cathedral at the first glance, because it had figured as an illustration on the cover of Peggotty's work-box!

Perhaps the event which gave him the greatest pleasure was a casual meeting with little Miss Moucher in a green omnibus coming from the top of Baker Street to Trafalgar Square. It could not possibly have been anybody else. There were the same large head and face, the same short arms. "Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none, worth mentioning." The Boy can still hear the pattering of the rain on the rattly windows of that lumbering green omnibus; he can remember every detail of the impressive drive; and Miss Moucher, and the fact of her existence in the flesh, and there present,

wiped from his mind every trace of Mme. Tussaud's famous gallery, and the waxworks it contained.

This was the Book of The Boy's Boyhood. He does not recommend it as the exclusive literature of their boyhood to other boys; but out of it The Boy knows that he got nothing but what was healthful and helping. It taught him to abominate selfish brutality and sneaking falsehood, as they were exhibited in the Murdstones and the Heeps; it taught him to keep Charles I., and other fads, out of his "Memorials"; it taught him to avoid rash expenditure as it was practised by the Micawbers; it showed him that a man like Steerforth might be the best of good fellows and at the same time the worst and most dangerous of companions; it showed, on the other hand, that true friends like Traddles are worth having and worth keeping; it introduced him to the devoted, sisterly affection of a woman like Agnes; and it proved to him that the rough pea-jacket of a man like Ham Peggotty might cover the simple heart of as honest a gentleman as ever lived.

The Boy, in his time, has been brought in contact with many famous men and women; but upon nothing in his whole experience does he look back now with greater satisfaction than upon his slight intercourse with the first great man he ever knew. Quite a little lad, he was staying at the Pulaski House in Savannah, in 1853—perhaps it was in 1855—when



THE BOY'S FATHER





his father told him to observe particularly the old gentleman with the spectacles, who occupied a seat at their table in the public dining-room ; for, he said, the time would come when The Boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted, and dined, and supped with Mr. Thackeray. He had no idea who, or what, Mr. Thackeray was ; but his father considered him a great man, and that was enough for The Boy. He did pay particular attention to Mr. Thackeray, with his eyes and his ears ; and one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little attention to him, of which he is proud, indeed. Mr. Thackeray took The Boy between his knees, and asked his name, and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, "A farmer, sir." Why, he cannot imagine, for he never had the slightest inclination towards a farmer's life. And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head, and said : "Whatever you are, try to be a good one."

To have been blessed by Thackeray is a distinction The Boy would not exchange for any niche in the Temple of Literary Fame ; no laurel crown he could ever receive would be able to obliterate, or to equal, the sense of Thackeray's touch ; and if there be any virtue in the laying on of hands The Boy can only hope that a little of it has descended upon him.

And whatever The Boy is, he has tried, for Thackeray's sake, "to be a good one!"



## FOUR DOGS

## WHISKIE

AN EAU DE VIE

In doggerel lines, Whiskie my dog I sing.

These lines are after Virgil, Pope, or some one.

His very voice has got a Whiskie Ring.

I call him Whiskie, 'cause he's such a rum one.

His is a high-whine, and his nip has power,

Hot-Scotch his temper, but no Punch is merrier

Not Rye, not Schnappish, he's no Whiskie-Sour.

I call him Whiskie—he's a Whis-Skye terrier.

## FOUR DOGS

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**I**T was Dr. John Brown, of Edinboro', who once spoke in sincere sympathy of the man who "led a dog-less life." It was Mr. "Josh Billings" who said that in the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy, to wit: the wag of a dog's tail. And it was Professor John C. Van Dyke who declared the other day, in reviewing the artistic career of Landseer, that he made his dogs too human. It was the Great Creator himself who made dogs too human — so human that sometimes they put humanity to shame.

The Boy has been the friend and confidant of Four Dogs who have helped to humanize him for a quarter of a century and more, and who have souls to be saved, he is sure. And when he crosses the Stygian River he expects to find, on the other shore, a trio of dogs wagging their tails almost off, in their joy at his coming, and with honest tongues hanging out to lick his hands and his feet. And then he is

going, with these faithful, devoted dogs at his heels, to talk about dogs with Dr. John Brown, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. "Josh Billings."

The first dog, Whiskie, was an alleged Skye terrier, coming, alas! from a clouded, not a clear, sky. He had the most beautiful and the most perfect head ever seen on a dog, but his legs were altogether too long; and the rest of him was—just dog. He came into the family in 1867 or 1868. He was, at the beginning, not popular with the seniors; but he was so honest, so ingenuous, so "square," that he made himself irresistible, and he soon became even dearer to the father and to the mother than he was to The Boy. Whiskie was not an amiable character, except to his own people. He hated everybody else, he barked at everybody else, and sometimes he bit everybody else—friends of the household as well as the butcher-boys, the baker-boys, and the borrowers of money who came to the door. He had no discrimination in his likes and dislikes, and, naturally, he was not popular, except among his own people. He hated all cats but his own cat, by whom he was bullied in a most outrageous way. Whiskie had the sense of shame and the sense of humor.

One warm summer evening, the family was sitting on the front steps, after a refreshing shower of rain, when Whiskie saw a cat in the street, picking its dainty way among the little puddles of water. With



WHISKIE





a muttered curse he dashed after the cat without discovering, until within a few feet of it, that it was the cat who belonged to him. He tried to stop himself in his impetuous career, he put on all his brakes, literally skimming along the street railway-track as if he were out simply for a slide, passing the cat, who gave him a half-contemptuous, half-pitying look ; and then, after inspecting the sky to see if the rain was really over and how the wind was, he came back to his place between the father and The Boy as if it were all a matter of course and of every-day occurrence. But he knew they were laughing at him ; and if ever a dog felt sheepish, and looked sheepish—if ever a dog said, “What an idiot I’ve made of myself!” Whiskie was that dog.

The cat was a martinet in her way, and she demanded all the privileges of her sex. Whiskie always gave her precedence, and once when he, for a moment, forgot himself and started to go out of the dining-room door before her, she deliberately slapped him in the face ; whereupon he drew back instantly, like the gentleman he was, and waited for her to pass.

Whiskie was fourteen or fifteen years of age in 1882, when the mother went to join the father, and The Boy was taken to Spain by a good aunt and cousins. Whiskie was left at home to keep house with the two old servants who had known him all his

life, and were in perfect sympathy with him. He had often been left alone before during the family's frequent journeyings about the world, the entire establishment being kept running purely on his account. Usually he did not mind the solitude; he was well taken care of in their absence, and he felt that they were coming back some day. This time he knew it was different. He would not be consoled. He wandered listlessly and uselessly about the house; into the mother's room, into his master's room; and one morning he was found in a dark closet, where he had never gone before, dead—of a broken heart.

He had only a stump of a tail, but he will wag it—when next his master sees him!

The second dog was Punch—a perfect, thoroughbred Dandie Dinmont, and the most intelligent, if not the most affectionate, of the lot. Punch and The Boy kept house together for a year or two, and alone. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, Punch was in evidence. He went to the door to see his master safely off; he was sniffing at the inside of the door the moment the key was heard in the latch, no matter how late at night; and so long as there was light enough he watched for his master out of the window. Punch, too, had a cat—a son, or a grandson, of Whiskie's cat. Punch's favorite seat was in a chair in the front basement. Here, for hours, he would look out at the passers-by—indul-



PUNCH



ing in the study of man, the proper study of his kind. The chair was what is known as "cane-bottomed," and through its perforations the cat was fond of tickling Punch, as he sat. When Punch felt that the joke had been carried far enough, he would rise in his wrath, chase the cat out into the kitchen, around the back-yard, into the kitchen again, and then, perhaps, have it out with the cat under the sink—without the loss of a hair, the use of a claw, or an angry spit or snarl. Punch and the cat slept together, and dined together, in utter harmony; and the master has often gone up to his own bed, after a solitary cigar, and left them purring and snoring in each other's arms. They assisted at each other's toilets, washed each other's faces, and once, when Mary Cook was asked what was the matter with Punch's eye, she said: "I *think*, Sur, that the cat must have put her finger in it, when she combed his bang!"

Punch loved everybody. He seldom barked, he never bit. He cared nothing for clothes, or style, or social position. He was as cordial to a beggar as he would have been to a king; and if thieves had come to break through and steal, Punch, in his unfailing, hospitable amiability, would have escorted them through the house, and shown them where the treasures were kept. All the children were fond of Punch, who accepted mauling as never did dog be-

fore. His master could carry him up-stairs by the tail, without a murmur of anything but satisfaction on Punch's part; and one favorite performance of theirs was an amateur representation of "Daniel in the Lion's Den," Punch being all the animals, his master, of course, being the prophet himself. The struggle for victory was something awful. Daniel seemed to be torn limb from limb, Punch, all the time, roaring like a thousand beasts of the forest, and treating his victim as tenderly as if he were wooing a sucking dove. The entertainment—when there were young persons at the house—was of nightly occurrence, and always repeatedly encored. Punch, however, never cared to play Lion to the Daniel of anybody else.

One of Punch's expressions of poetic affection is still preserved by a little girl who is now grown up, and has little girls of her own. It was attached to a Christmas-gift—a locket containing a scrap of blue-gray wool. And here it is:

"Punch Hutton is ready to vow and declare  
That his friend Milly Barrett's a brick.  
He begs she'll accept of this lock of his hair;  
And he sends her his love—and a lick."

Punch's most memorable performance, perhaps, was his appearance at a dinner-party of little ladies and gentlemen. They were told that the chief dish

of the entertainment was one which they all particularly liked, and their curiosity, naturally, was greatly excited. The table was cleared, the carving-knife was sharpened in a most demonstrative manner, and half a dozen pairs of very wide-open little eyes were fixed upon the door through which the waitress entered, bearing aloft an enormous platter, upon which nothing was visible but a cover of equally enormous size—both of them borrowed, by-the-way, for the important occasion. When the cover was raised, with all ceremony, Punch was discovered, in a highly nervous state, and apparently as much delighted and amused at the situation as was anybody else. The guests, with one voice, declared that he was “sweet enough to eat.”

Punch died very suddenly; poisoned, it is supposed, by somebody whom he never injured. He never injured a living soul! And when Mary Cook dug a hole, by the side of Whiskie’s grave, one raw afternoon, and put Punch into it, his master is not ashamed to confess that he shut himself up in his room, threw himself onto the bed, and cried as he has not cried since they took his mother away from him.

Mop was the third of the quartet of dogs, and he came into the household like the Quality of Mercy. A night or two after the death of Punch, his master chanced to be dining with the Coverleys, in

Brooklyn. Mr. Coverley, noticing the trappings and the suits of woe which his friend wore in his face, naturally asked the cause. He had in his stable a Dandie as fine as Punch, whom he had not seen, or thought of, for a month. Would the bereaved one like to see him? The mourner would like to look at any dog who looked like the companion who had been taken from him; and a call, through a speaking-tube, brought into the room, head over heels, with all the wild impetuosity of his race, Punch personified, his ghost embodied, his twin brother. The same long, lithe body, the same short legs (the fore legs shaped like a capital S), the same short tail, the same hair dragging the ground, the same beautiful head, the same wistful, expressive eye, the same cool, insinuating nose. The new-comer raced around the table, passing his owner unnoticed, and not a word was spoken. Then this Dandie cut a sort of double pigeon-wing, gave a short bark, put his crooked, dirty little feet on the stranger's knees, insinuated his cool and expressive nose into an unresisting hand, and wagged his stump of a tail with all his loving might. It was the longed-for touch of a vanished paw, the lick of a tongue that was still. He was unkempt, uncombed, uncared for, but he was another Punch, and he knew a friend when he saw one. "If that were my dog he would not live forgotten in a stable: he would take the place in the society to which his





MOP AND HIS MASTER



birth and his evident breeding entitle him," was the friend's remark, and Mop regretfully went back to his stall.

The next morning, early, he came into the Thirty-fourth Street study, combed, kempt, shining, cared for to a superlative degree ; with a note in his mouth signifying that his name was Mop and that he was The Boy's. He was The Boy's, and The Boy was his, so long as he lived, ten happy years for both of them.

Without Punch's phenomenal intelligence, Mop had many of Punch's ways, and all of Punch's trust and affection ; and, like Punch, he was never so superlatively happy as when he was roughly mauled and pulled about by his tail. When by chance he was shut out in the back-yard, he knocked, with his tail, on the door ; he squirmed his way into the heart of Mary Cook in the first ten minutes, and in half an hour he was on terms of the most affectionate friendship with Punch's cat.

Mop had absolutely no sense of fear or of animal proportions. As a catter he was never equalled ; a Yale-man, by virtue of an honorary degree, he tackled everything he ever met in the feline way—with the exception of the Princeton Tiger—and he has been known to attack dogs seven times as big as himself. He learned nothing by experience: he never knew when he was thrashed. The butcher's dog at

Onteora whipped, and bit, and chewed him into semi-helpless unconsciousness three times a week for four months, one summer; and yet Mop, half paralyzed, bandaged, soaked in Pond's Extract, unable to hold up his head to respond to the greetings of his own family, speechless for hours, was up and about and ready for another fray and another chewing, the moment the butcher's dog, unseen, unscented by the rest of the household, appeared over the brow of the hill.

The only creature by whom Mop was ever really overcome was a black-and-white, common, every-day, garden skunk. He treed this unexpected visitor on the wood-pile one famous moonlight night in Onteora. And he acknowledged his defeat at once, and like a man. He realized fully his own unsavory condition. He retired to a far corner of the small estate, and for a week, prompted only by his own instinct, he kept to the leeward of Onteora society.

He went out of Onteora, that summer, in a blaze of pugnacious glory. It was the last day of the season; many households were being broken up, and four or five families were leaving the colony together. All was confusion and hurry at the little railway station at Tannersville. Scores of trunks were being checked, scores of packages were being labelled for expressage, every hand held a bag, or a bundle, or both; and Mop, a semi-invalid, his fore paw

and his ear in slings, the result of recent encounters with the butcher's dog, was carried, for safety's sake, and for the sake of his own comfort, in a basket, which served as an ambulance, and was carefully placed in the lap of the cook. As the train finally started, already ten minutes late, the cook, to give her hero a last look at the Hill-of-the-Sky, opened the basket, and the window, that he might wag a farewell tail. When lo! the butcher's dog appeared upon the scene, and, in an instant, Mop was out of the window and under the car-wheels, in the grip of the butcher's dog. Intense was the excitement. The engine was stopped, and brakemen, and firemen, and conductors, and passengers, and on-lookers, and other dogs, were shouting and barking and trying to separate the combatants. At the end of a second ten minutes Mop—minus a piece of the other ear—was back in his ambulance: conquered, but happy. He never saw the butcher's dog or Onteora again.

To go back a little. Mop was the first person who was told of his master's engagement, and he was the first to greet the wife when she came home, a bride, to his own house. He had been made to understand, from the beginning, that she did not care for dogs—in general. And he set himself out to please, and to overcome the unspoken antagonism. He had a delicate part to play, and he played it with a delicacy and a tact which rarely have been equalled. He did

not assert himself; he kept himself in the background; he said little; his approaches at first were slight and almost imperceptible, but he was always ready to do, or to help, in an unaggressive way. He followed her about the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, and he looked and waited. Then he began to sit on the train of her gown; to stand as close to her as was fit and proper; once in a while to jump upon the sofa beside her, or into the easy-chair behind her, winking at his master, from time to time, in his quiet way.

And at last he was successful. One dreary winter, when he suffered terribly from inflammatory rheumatism, he found his mistress making a bed for him by the kitchen fire, getting up in the middle of the night to go down to look after him, when he uttered, in pain, the cries he could not help. And when a bottle of very rare old brandy, kept for some extraordinary occasion of festivity, was missing, the master was informed that it had been used in rubbing Mop!

Mop's early personal history was never known. Told once that he was the purest Dandie in America, and asked his pedigree, his master was moved to look into the matter of his family tree. It seems that a certain sea-captain was commissioned to bring back to this country the best Dandie to be had in all Scotland. He sent his quartermaster to find him, and

the quartermaster found Mop under a private carriage, in Argyle Street, Glasgow, and brought him on board. That is Mop's pedigree.

Mop died of old age and of a complication of diseases, in the spring of 1892. He lost his hair, he lost his teeth, he lost everything but his indomitable spirit; and when almost on the brink of the grave, he stood in the back-yard—literally, on the brink of his own grave—for eight hours in a March snow-storm, motionless, and watching a great black cat on the fence, whom he hypnotized, and who finally came down to be killed. The cat weighed more than Mop did, and was very gamy. And the encounter nearly cost a lawsuit.

This was Mop's last public appearance. He retired to his bed before the kitchen range, and gradually and slowly he faded away: amiable, unrepining, devoted to the end. A consultation of doctors showed that his case was hopeless, and Mop was condemned to be carried off to be killed humanely by the society founded by Mr. Bergh, where without cruelty they end the sufferings of animals. Mop had not left his couch for weeks. His master spoke to him about it, with tears in his eyes, one night. He said: "To-morrow must end it, old friend. 'Tis for your sake and your relief. It almost breaks my heart, old friend. But there is another and a better world—even for dogs, old friend. And for old

acquaintance' sake, and for old friendship's sake, I must have you sent on ahead of me, old friend."

The next morning, when he came down to breakfast, there by the empty chair sat Mop. How he got himself up the stairs nobody knows. But there he was, and the society which a good man founded saw not Mop that day.

The end came soon afterwards. And Mop has gone on to join Whiskie and Punch in their waiting for The Boy.

The family went abroad for a year's stay, when Mop died, and they rented the house to good people and good tenants, who have never been forgiven for one particular act. They buried a dog of their own in the family plot in the back-yard, and under the ailantus-tree which shades the graves of the cats and the dogs; and The Boy feels that they have profaned the spot!

It seemed to his master, after the passing of Mop, that the master's earthly account with dogs was closed. The pain of parting was too great to be endured. But another Dandie came to him, one Christmas morning, to fill the aching void; and for a time again his life is not a dogless one.

The present ruler of the household has a pedigree much longer and much straighter than his own front legs. Although he comes from a distinguished line of prize-winning thoroughbreds, he never will be per-





ROY AND HIS MASTER



mitted to compete for a medal on his own behalf. The Dog Show should be suppressed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dogs. It has ruined the dispositions and broken the hearts of very many of the best friends humanity ever had. And the man who would send his dog to the Dog Show, would send his wife to a Wife Show, and permit his baby to be exhibited, in public, for a blue ribbon or a certificate—at an admission-fee of fifty cents a head!

Mop's successor answers to the name of Roy—when he answers to anything at all. He is young, very wilful, and a little hard of hearing, of which latter affliction he makes the most. He always understands when he is invited to go out. He is stone-deaf, invariably, when he is told to come back. But he is full of affection, and he has a keen sense of humor. In the face he looks like Thomas Carlyle, and Professor John Weir declares that his body is all out of drawing!

At times his devotion to his mistress is beautiful and touching. It is another case of "Mary and the Lamb, you know." If his mistress is not visible, he waits patiently about; and he is sure to go wherever she goes. It makes the children of the neighborhood laugh and play. But it is severe upon the master, who does most of the training, while the mistress gets most of the devotion. That is the way with lambs, and with dogs, and with some folks!

Roy is quite as much of a fighter as was any one of the other dogs; but he is a little more discriminating in his likes and his dislikes. He fights all the dogs in Tannersville; he fights the Drislens' Gyp almost every time he meets him; he fights the Beckwiths' Blennie only when either one of them trespasses on the domestic porch of the other (Blennie, who is very pretty, looks like old portraits of Mrs. Browning, with the curls hanging on each side of the face); and Roy never fights Laddie Pruyn nor Jack Ropes at all. Jack Ropes is the hero whom he worships, the beau ideal to him of everything a dog should be. He follows Jack in all respects; and he pays Jack the sincere flattery of imitation. Jack, an Irish setter, is a thorough gentleman in form, in action, and in thought. Some years Roy's senior, he submits patiently to the playful capers of the younger dog; and he even accepts little nips at his legs or his ears. It is pleasant to watch the two friends during an afternoon walk. Whatever Jack does, that does Roy; and Jack knows it, and he gives Roy hard things to do. He leads Roy to the summit of high rocks, and then he jumps down, realizing that Roy is too small to take the leap. But he always waits until Roy, yelping with mortification, comes back by the way they both went. He wades through puddles up to his own knees, but over Roy's head; and then he trots cheerfully away, far in advance, while Roy has



“He is stone-deaf when he is asked to come back”



“He pretends he has forgotten all about it”



“He poses willingly and steadily”



“He waits patiently about”



to stop long enough to shake himself dry. But it was Roy's turn once! He traversed a long and not very clean drain, which was just large enough to give free passage to his own small body; and Jack went rushing after. Jack got through; but he was a spectacle to behold. And there are creditable eye-witnesses who are ready to testify that Roy took Jack home, and sat on the steps, and laughed, while Jack was being washed.

Each laughed on the wrong side of his mouth, however—Jack from agony, and Roy from sympathy—when Jack, a little later, had his unfortunate adventure with the loose-quilled, fretful, Onteora porcupine. It nearly cost Jack his life and his reason; and for some time he was a helpless, suffering invalid. Doctors were called in, chloroform was administered, and many delicate surgical operations were performed before Jack was on his feet again; and for the while each tail drooped. Happily for Roy, he did not go to the top of the Hill-of-the-Sky that unlucky day, and so he escaped the porcupine. But Roy does not care much for porcupines, anyway, and he never did. Other dogs are porcupiney enough for him!

Roy's association with Jack Ropes is a liberal education to him in more ways than one. Jack is so big and so strong and so brave, and so gentle withal, and so refined in manners and intellectual in mind, that Roy, even if he would, could not resist the healthful

influence. Jack never quarrels except when Roy quarrels; and whether Roy is in the right or in the wrong, the aggressor or the attacked (and generally he begins it), Jack invariably interferes on Roy's behalf, in a good-natured, big-brother, what-a-bother sort of way that will not permit Roy to be the under dog in any fight. Part of Roy's dislike of Blennie—Blennie is short for Blenheim—consists in the fact that while Blennie is nice enough in his way, it is not Roy's way. Blennie likes to sit on laps, to bark out of windows—at a safe distance. He wears a little sleigh-bell on his collar. Under no circumstances does he play follow-my-leader, as Jack does. He does not try to do stunts; and, above all, he does not care to go in swimming.

The greatest event, perhaps, in Roy's young life was his first swim. He did not know he could swim. He did not know what it was to swim. He had never seen a sheet of water larger than a road-side puddle or than the stationary wash-tubs of his own laundry at home. He would have nothing to do with the Pond, at first, except for drinking purposes; and he would not enter the water until Jack went in, and then nothing would induce him to come out of the water—until Jack was tired. His surprise and his pride at being able to take care of himself in an entirely unknown and unexplored element were very great. But—there is always a *But* in Roy's case—



but when he swam ashore the trouble began. Jack, in a truly Chesterfieldian manner, dried himself in the long grass on the banks. Roy dried *himself* in the deep yellow dust of the road—a medium which was quicker and more effective, no doubt, but not so pleasant for those about him; for he was so enthusiastic over his performance that he jumped upon everybody's knickerbockers, or upon the skirts of everybody's gown, for the sake of a lick at somebody's hand and a pat of appreciation and applause.

Another startling and never-to-be-forgotten experience of Roy's was his introduction to the partridge. He met the partridge casually one afternoon in the woods, and he paid no particular attention to it. He looked upon it as a plain barn-yard chicken a little out of place; but when the partridge whirled and whizzed and boomed itself into the air, Roy put all his feet together, and jumped, like a bucking horse, at the lowest estimate four times as high as his own head. He thought it was a porcupine! He had heard a great deal about porcupines, although he had never seen one; and he fancied that that was the way porcupines always went off!

Roy likes and picks blackberries—the green as well as the ripe; and he does not mind having his portrait painted. Mr. Beckwith considers Roy one of the best models he ever had. Roy does not have to be posed; he poses himself, willingly and patient-

ly, so long as he can pose himself very close to his master ; and he always places his front legs, which he knows to be his strong point, in the immediate foreground. He tries very hard to look pleasant, as if he saw a chipmunk at the foot of a tree, or as if he thought Mr. Beckwith was squeezing little worms of white paint out of little tubes just for his amusement. And if he really does see a chipmunk on a stump, he rushes off to bark at the chipmunk ; and then he comes back and resumes his original position, and waits for Mr. Beckwith to go on painting again. Once in a while, when he feels that Mr. Beckwith has made a peculiarly happy remark, or an unusually happy stroke of the brush, Roy applauds tumultuously and loudly with his tail, against the seat of the bench or the side of the house. Roy has two distinct wags—the perpendicular and the horizontal ; and in his many moments of enthusiasm he never neglects to use that particular wag which is likely to make the most noise.

Roy has many tastes and feelings which are in entire sympathy with those of his master. He cannot get out of a hammock unless he falls out ; and he is never so miserable as when Mrs. Butts comes over from the Eastkill Valley to clean house. Mrs. Butts piles all the sitting-room furniture on the front piazza, and then she scrubs the sitting-room floor, and neither Roy nor his master, so long as Mrs. Butts

“HE TRIES VERY HARD TO LOOK PLEASANT”





has control, can enter the sitting-room for a bone or a book. And they do not like it, although they like Mrs. Butts.

Roy has his faults; but his evil, as a rule, is wrought by want of thought rather than by want of heart. He shows his affection for his friends by walking under their feet and getting his own feet stepped on, or by sitting so close to their chairs that they rock on his tail. He has been known to hold two persons literally spellbound for minutes, with his tail under the rocker of one chair and both ears under the rocker of another one. Roy's greatest faults are barking at horses' heels and running away. This last is very serious, and often it is annoying; but there is always some excuse for it. He generally runs away to the Williamsons', which is the summer home of his John and his Sarah; and where lodges Miss Flossie Burns, of Tannersville, his summer-girl. He knows that the Williamsons themselves do not want too much of him, no matter how John and Sarah and Miss Burns may feel on the subject; and he knows, too, that his own family wishes him to stay more at home; but, for all that, he runs away. He slips off at every opportunity. He pretends that he is only going down to the road to see what time it is, or that he is simply setting out for a blackberry or the afternoon's mail; and when he is brought reluctantly home, he makes believe that he has for-

gotten all about it; and he naps on the top step, or in the door-way, in the most guileless and natural manner; and then, when nobody is looking, he dashes off, barking at any imaginary ox-cart, in wild, unrestrainable impetuosity, generally in the direction of the Williamsons' cottage, and bringing up, almost invariably, under the Williamsons' kitchen stove.

He would rather be shut up, in the Williamsons' kitchen, with John and Sarah, and with a chance of seeing Flossie through the wire-screened door, than roam in perfect freedom over all his own domain.

He will bark at horses' heels until he is brought home, some day, with broken ribs. Nothing but hard experience teaches Roy. There is no use of boxing his ears. That only hurts his feelings, and gives him an extra craving for sympathy. He licks the hand that licks him, until every one of the five fingers is heartily ashamed of itself.

Several autograph letters of Roy's, in verse, in blank-verse, and in plain, hard prose, signed by his own mark—a fore paw dipped in an ink-bottle and stamped upon the paper—were sold by Mrs. Custer at varying prices during a fair for the benefit of the Oteora Chapel Fund, in 1896.

To one friend he wrote :

“MY DEAR BLENNIE BECKWITH,—You are a sneak ; and a snip ; and a snide ; and a snob ; and a snoozer ; and a snarler ; and a snapper ; and a skunk. And I hate you ; and I loathe you ;

and I despise you ; and I abominate you ; and I scorn you ; and I repudiate you ; and I abhor you ; and I dislike you ; and I eschew you ; and I dash you ; and I dare you.

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ P. S.—I’ve licked this spot.

“ R. H.

His

ROY



HUTTON.

mark.

“ Witness : Kate Lynch.”

Inspired by Miss Flossie Williamson Burns’s bright eyes, he dropped into poetry in addressing her :

“ Say I’m barkey ; say I’m bad ;  
 Say the Thurber pony kicked me ;  
 Say I run away—but add—  
 ‘ Flossie licked me.’

his

“ ROY × HUTTON.

mark.

“ Witness : Sarah Johnson.”

In honor of “ John Ropes, Esquire,” he went to Shakspeare :

"But that I am forbid  
 To tell the secrets of thy mountain climb,  
 I could a tail unfold, whose lightest wag  
 Would harrow up the roof of thy mouth, draw thy young blood,  
 Make thy two eyes, like a couple of safety-matches, start from  
 their spheres ;  
 Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part right straight down  
 the middle of thy back,  
 And each particular brick-red hair to stand on end  
 Full of quills, shot out by a fretful Onteora porcupine.  
 But this eternal blazon must not be  
 To ears that are quite as handsome as is the rest of thy beautiful body.

(“ ‘Hamlet,’ altered to suit, by)

his

“ROY × HUTTON.

“Witness : John Johnson.”

mark.

His latest poetical effort was the result of his  
 affection for a Scottish collie, in his neighborhood,  
 and was indited

TO LADDIE PRUYN, ESQ.

Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot,  
 And the Dogs of Auld Lang Syne ?  
 I'll wag a tail o' kindness yet,  
 For the sake of Auld Ladd Pruyn.

Witnesses :

Marion Lyman,  
 Effie Waddington,  
 Katherine Lyman.

While Roy was visiting the Fitches and the Telford children, and little Agnes Ogden, at Wilton, Conn., some time afterwards, he dictated a long letter to his master, some portions of which, perhaps,



are worth preserving. After the usual remarks upon the weather and the general health of the family, he touched upon serious, personal matters which had evidently caused him some mental and physical uneasiness. And he explained that while he was willing to confess that he *did* chase the white cat into a tree, and keep her away from her kittens for a couple of hours, he *did not* kill the little chicken. The little chicken, stepped upon by its own mother, was dead, quite dead, when he picked it up, and brought it to the house. And he made Dick Fitch, who was an eye-witness to the whole transaction, add a post-script testifying that the statement was true.

John says the letter sounds exactly like Roy !

Roy's is a complex character. There is little medium about Roy. He is very good when he is good, and he is very horrid indeed when he is bad. He is a strange admixture of absolute devotion and of utter inconstancy. Nothing will entice him away from John on one day, neither threats nor persuasion. The next day he will cut John dead in the road, with no sign of recognition. He sees John, and he goes slowly and deliberately out of his way to pass John by, without a look or a sniff. He comes up-stairs every morning when his master's shaving-water is produced. He watches intently the entire course of his master's toilet ; he follows his master, step by step, from bed to bureau, from closet to

chair ; he lies across his master's feet ; he minds no sprinkling from his master's sponge, so anxious is he that his master shall not slip away, and go to his breakfast without him. And then, before his master is ready to start, Roy goes off to breakfast, alone—at the Williamsons' ! He will torment his master sometimes for hours to be taken out to walk ; he will interrupt his master's work, disturb his master's afternoon nap, and refuse all invitations to run away for a walk on his own account. And the moment he and his master have started, he will join the first absolute stranger he meets, and walk off with that stranger in the opposite direction, and in the most confidential manner possible !

There are days when he will do everything he should do, everything he is told to do, everything he is wanted to do. There are days and days together when he does nothing that is right, when he is disobedient, disrespectful, disobliging, disagreeable, even disreputable. And all this on purpose !

It is hard to know what to do with Roy : how to treat him ; how to bring him up. He may improve as he grows older. Perhaps to his unfortunate infirmity may be ascribed his uncertainty and his variability of temper and disposition. It is possible that he cannot hear even when he wants to hear. It is not impossible that he is making-believe all the time. One great, good thing can be said for Roy : he is

never really cross ; he never snaps ; he never snarls ; he never bites his human friends, no matter how great the provocation may be. Roy is a canine enigma, the most eccentric of characters. His family cannot determine whether he is a gump or a genius. But they know he is nice ; and they like him !

Long may Roy be spared to wag his earthly tail, and to bay deep-mouthed welcome to his own particular people as they draw near home. How the three dogs who have gone on ahead agree now with each other, and how they will agree with Roy, no man can say. They did not agree with very many dogs in this world. But that they are waiting together, all three of them, for Roy and for The Boy, and in perfect harmony, The Boy is absolutely sure.



MOP



SOME MORE DOGS

To be content's his natural desire;  
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His Faithful Dog shall bear him company.  
—POPE'S "Essay on Man." First Essay—Number Three.

## SOME MORE DOGS

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THE most important, if not the first of the incidental Dogs who more or less influenced The Boy's life were the Blind-Man's Dogs of St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar Square, London. The Dogs came and went; there was a succession of them, a longish line in direct descent from the original Adam; but the Blind Man stayed on for a quarter of a century or more. He sat on the pavement, with his back to the wall, facing the church-yard, hatless in all weathers, perfectly cheerful and contented, looking at nothing with his sightless eyes, begging indirectly, while carrying on his monotonous trade—the making of endless twine nets, in which, he explained, onions were to be carried and kept. Who were his customers he, and he only, knew; not one of the hundreds and thousands of Londoners, and strangers in London, who passed him every day seemed to have onions to keep or to carry; and no one was ever seen to buy a net, or even to bargain for one. Perhaps

he was simply the manufactory, while the warehouse was somewhere else. He only knew that, too! But his trade of begging was a good one. He picked up many an honest penny; and now and then a nimble sixpence rattled into the little tin cup, held either in the Dog's mouth or lying between the Dog's fore-paws. The Dogs did the begging in their patient, appealing way; hot when the sun was hot, wet and bedraggled when the rain rained on them, but always appealing and patient; rarely moving from the Blind Man's side, even to skip or to play, as contented as was their master, but not half so cheerful.

No muzzle was ever seen upon their noses, and none was needed; and no string was fixed to their collars, except when they led the Blind Man out to his mill in the morning, and back to his home—Seven Dials way—at night. They went along St. Martin's Lane, with all its drays, and cabs, and omnibuses, crossing always at a certain corner, and never making a mistake or a misstep; waiting with phenomenal intelligence until the coast was entirely clear—a rare occurrence at their particular hours of travel.

The Boy never followed them into the little alley which seemed to be their journey's end, and he never saw the lover's meetings which followed; for he felt that that would be an intrusion. But, as they entered the narrow passage, he often heard short, sharp





THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG



barks and little whines of greeting, and something like a child's happy laugh, which had "welcome" in its very tones.

The Blind Man always recognized the voices of the Boy's Mother and The Boy, as those of "The American Lady and Gentleman," but not one of the Dogs ever remembered them, or wagged a tail of greeting. They were almost the only Dogs with whom The Boy never made friends, or with whom he never scraped even a chance acquaintance ; but they influenced him for good, for all that, by the thought of the good they were doing.

They were one of the ties which bound him to London, after the Mother ceased going to London. She was very fond of them ; and for her sake they gathered in harvests of coppers from busy men, who went out of their ways to remember the dumb friends whom she never forgot. Her first call in London, as well as her last, was always on the Blind Man and his Dog ; and she has been known to take a day out of her usual visit to Liverpool, before sailing for home, because something had kept the Blind Man and his Dog away from their accustomed haunt.

The Blind Man and his Dogs survived the Mother for many a year. Dogs came and went who knew her not at all ; and still the Blind Man and his Dog sat in the sun or the rain, until at last an All-powerful, and an Unseen Hand, led them both away forever !

Another London Dog, much more appreciative, but not more demonstrative, was the Purple Dog of Craven Street. She was born long before the Purple Cow was invented, and, as in the case of the Purple Cow, why she *was* purple no one could tell. Nor could any one tell her other name; but like the famous Marmoset in the ballad of "Bill Johnson, the Dago and the Monkey," she got there all the same! Every hair which the mange had left upon her poor old carcass was, from the beginning to the end of her anatomy, and from the beginning to the end of their acquaintance, dyed a dull, but decided purple.

The Boy first met her accidentally, and late one evening, in the Gray's Inn Road. She was looking very wistfully into the unglazed windows of an humble little bake-shop, trying to fill her stomach with the fragrant odor of frizzling sausages and browning potatoes, the tempting effluvium of which was all she could reach from her position on the outside of the establishment. With considerable hesitation, natural in a perfect stranger, The Boy ventured to address her: and, after some desultory conversation, she consented, as his guest, to partake of a couple of saveloys. They were just off the fire, and very hot; but she did not seem to mind that, or to wait to say grace; and with a cordial, but hasty, "Good-night," he left her as she began her second course.

He walked along Holborn, through the Little Turnstyle, into Lincoln's Inn Fields, without another thought of the Purple Dog, when he discovered that she was in his wake, and a few steps behind, trotting along in a self-absorbed, after-dinner, deliberate sort of way, which was gratifying rather than obtrusive. As they turned into the dark and gloomy Clare Market, she came closer to him, as if seeking, or offering, protection, in a neighborhood not of the safest to either of them ; but in the light of the busy Strand, she was lost sight of again ; and he saw her not until they approached his own Craven Street door. She made no advances ; she did not offer to enter the house ; but she was seen on the steps, apparently asleep, when the lamps were turned out, and the windows were opened ; and there was she when he looked out the next morning, in the same attitude of patient waiting, seeming to be more purple than ever in the foggy glare of the September sun.

The Purple Dog breakfasted with The Boy that day, on the bone of a chop, and the half of a toasted muffin, washed down with what was left of the milk ; and they boarded together during the fortnight or more remaining to the annual visit to London. All the servants of the establishment, and all the servants next door, and all the servants in Barnett's Hotel, over the way, became interested in, and attached to, her ; principally on account of her color, no doubt ; and

probably she never fared so well in her life. There is something very fascinating in a Purple Dog—as in a Purple Cow—especially when she is distant in manner, and generally indifferent by nature; and none of the maids of Craven Street could resist those silent appeals.

It was her habit to follow The Boy about, in all his goings and comings, but always half apologetically, and at a respectful distance. Sometimes she would wait for him, for hours, outside the gates of the British Museum, and then gratefully partake of the modest bun bought for her at the Museum Street luncheon-bar. She usually had business of her own to attend to after that; but she always came home to dinner. Now and then she was met with, casually, in all parts of the town, and at all times of the day; in St. James's Street, in Dean's Yard, and once in the Marylebone Road. She always acted as if it were pure accident; but that was mere pretence, for she generally profited by the encounters, in the way of something to eat.

On the last evening of The Boy's stay in England he dined with friends in Bedford Gardens, Kensington, long miles from Craven Street. The Purple Dog was nowhere visible when he set out in his hansom; but she was waiting for him at the Parsons's gate when it was time to go home. And he never saw her again. She did not go with him to Euston

Station the next morning; and she was not at the train to see him off.

The Boy had left, with Miss Henley, his landlady, a small annuity to be regularly invested, for the Purple Dog's benefit, in the wares of the Cat's-meat-man, whose business it was to appear on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Nine of the Clock A.M. But this fund was returned, intact, on the next visit to London. The Purple Dog of Craven Street was known no more to Craven Street after The Boy's departure.

Was it reason? Or what?

In uninterrupted sequence, for nearly thirty springs now, have come into The Boy's life a train of hard-working, humble, honest Dogs, farm-hands, who have had comparatively little fun of their own, as your Dogs and as my Dogs count fun, but who have done their duty, generally, and have taught their valuable, wholesome little lessons of patience, and of contentment with their simple lot. They lived, and one of them—Edward—still lives, and their successors will live, for a long time, it is hoped, on a spur of the Catskill Mountains, not far from the headwaters of the Delaware River; and their business is to churn the butter, and to drive a lowing herd of some thirty or forty cows.

They are usually Scottish collies, selected for their strength, their willingness, and for their aptitude to

agricultural pursuits; for to Dogs of that race come by nature the proper study and treatment of the bovine beast. They seem to know instinctively what to do with the cows, and when, and how, to do it; and it is invariably done in a thoroughly intelligent, thoughtful manner, with absolute attention to ways and means, and in utter cheerfulness. The working of the churn is not popular or spontaneous with them, at the beginning of their careers; but they soon grow used to the weary tread-mill of the dog-power machines; they rarely shirk, and they never complain. They are kindly treated. Their wages are regularly paid, and their board and lodging are the best afforded in the country-side. But they know when Sunday comes, and they are perfectly willing to rest from their labors on the Day when rest is proper and good, for body and mind. They walk freely on to the revolving steps. After the first month or two they are never tied; they are never beaten; but they march on to nowhere, for half an hour or more, six days of the week, in silent, unruffled perseverance, until the butter comes; when they receive, invariably, a couple of "cookies," and go, thankfully, to sleep, out in the sun, or under the kitchen stove, as the weather suggests.

The two Meredith Dogs who are remembered best were Blücher and Moses Duff-Telford. Blücher was endowed with unusual intellect, even for a Dog, and



his character was peculiarly strong and sweet; but his story is too sad an one to set down here. Moses, on the other hand, was not endowed peculiarly with the faculties of reason or of understanding; he knew his business, but he was given to attending to the business of other persons; and while he was amusing and entertaining in his own way, he not infrequently put himself a good deal in the way of his human and feline associates.

Moses had but one friend, the Barn-yard Cat, who sat up and begged like a dog. And Moses was not always popular with the Cat, for sometimes he jostled her, and spoiled her aim at milking-time, when she followed Charley Telford, from cow to cow, to receive her morning's share, or her evening's share, of the "strippings."

Curiously enough, for a Dog in his position, Moses was a spotted carriage-dog, who should, by rights, have been in the train of a coach and four and gold galore, in Fifth Avenue or in Hyde Park, rather than a hired-man on a dairy-farm in Delaware County, New York. And Moses neglected his duties to go fishing.

Trout took The Boy, and John, and Dan to Meredith, and when they went trouting, Moses insisted upon going along. And Moses was not wanted. He never followed them to church; or to the station, at Delhi; or to the Middlemist's when they went to

spend a social evening there ; or to the Sugar Camp on the hill, which was their usual Sunday afternoon's walk ; but he always followed them to the trout brooks—when he did not precede them—and he invariably waded down the stream ahead of them—particularly if the day was bright and sunny. He swam in the holes where now and then the lusty ones were apt to lurk ; he forded the ripples ; he dived under the banks, in the best places ; and he literally killed the fishing for days together. No threats or persuasions would induce Moses to keep away ; no collars or chains would hold him in the barn or the wagon-house ; and he never came within a stone's-throw of them—except at lunch-time ! But, when they stopped for their noonday rest under the three trees by Mackey's barn, put the baskets into the running waters for coolness and the refreshment of the contents, and produced the sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, Moses stopped too. He was wise enough not to join them ; but he waited for what was left. He could not be tempted to partake with them. The fragments were good enough for him ! He never appeared to be watching them, or even to be aware of their presence ; and if they turned in his direction he seemed to be studying the clouds with a far-away, reflective look that was peculiar to him on such occasions. Hence his name ! He was not originally known as Moses at all. Probably he was born Rover



MOSES'S FRIEND, THE CAT

(From a Photograph by Charles Telford, Meridale, New York)



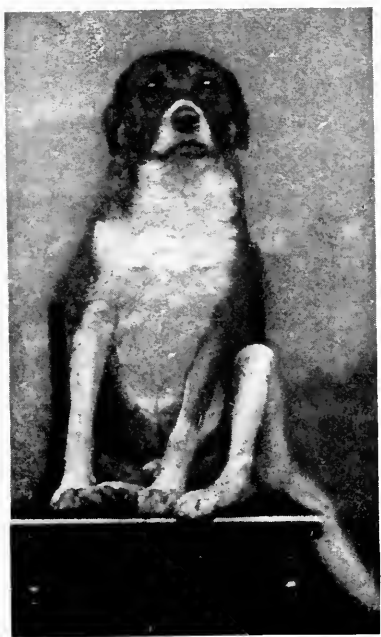
or Trip—but they dubbed him Moses after a certain familiar figure in the Saratoga of those days, who sold Oriental curios and antiques, and who called himself “Far-away Moses of Constantinople.”

When the day’s fishing was ended, and the farm-wagon met the party at Osterhout’s, Moses lost his shyness; and he always rode home with Uncle Duncan, on the front seat; jumping out after any hat that blew off, and jumping back with the hat in his mouth, no matter how rapid was the motion of the vehicle. In the mean time the butter came without Moses, and the cows found their way back to the byre alone. After this had gone on long enough, Moses, once, when they left for the season, went along to Delhi to find other employment. Sutherland was mending the road when they passed his place, the mud was thick and sticky, Uncle Duncan’s straw hat went the way of all hats, in that region, at that season, and Moses went after the hat. Sutherland’s Dog interfered; the hat parted between them; and Moses brought back into the wagon nothing but most of the mud which he found in the road.

That, so far as The Boy is concerned, was the last of Moses. The next time they went to Meredith a son of Blücher was doing the work of the farm. And Moses was attached to the low-backed car of the leading butcher in Oneonta, many miles away.

One of the first of the Dogs with whom The Boy had any acquaintance was Carlo Hendricks, of Red Hook; and the earliest recollection of Carlo is connected with the removal of the Hendricks family from one end of the village street to the other, when The Boy must have been a very small Boy indeed. Bob, and The Boy, and Carlo, and the Cat were the last persons to leave the old home; everything else had been carted to the new home in absolute safety and comfort.

The quartet proved themselves very officious in the packing and transportation, no doubt; and, no doubt, they were, all of them, very much in useless evidence. Bob led the rear-guard. The Cat was in Bob's arms—no one remembers the Cat's name, now. Carlo, securely tied by a bed-cord—the first time that Carlo had ever been tied to anything—marched placidly in the midst. All went along well enough until they came to the Tobacco Factory, about half-way to their destination, when the party attracted, naturally, the attention of the loungers on the stoop, who recognized the fact that the Cat was becoming uneasy, and that Bob was becoming anxious; and it was felt that Carlo and The Boy, at different ends of the rope, should, by rights, participate in the excitement. So The Boy was told to "give Carlo a chance," and Carlo was urged to take a chance; and the Cat became more restless than ever; and The Boy be-



CARLO HENDRICKS





came powerless; and the Cat started for Lasher's barn, over the way, leaving his sign-manual on Bob's chin; and the Dog and the rope went after the Cat; and Bob and The Boy went after the lot of them. And the Cat was never seen or heard of again. Carlo, however, was in pleasant, faithful evidence in the Hendricks's domestic circle for many a happy year.

Carlo, like many of the Dogs The Boy has Known, was of no particular race or breed, with no pretensions to gentility. He was not bought, he was not presented by anybody, he was not even found. He simply came one day, no one knows how, or where from, or why; and he stayed in the family as long as he lived, displaying but one remarkable trait, and that by no means an unusual trait in his kind—affection. From the very beginning he was devoted to Uncle Phill, and Uncle Phill was devoted to him. All this happened nearly half a century ago. Upon Carlo The Boy tried his 'prentice hand as a student of Dogs and their nature. Carlo it was who first showed him that Dogs, in the general order of things, have souls to be saved; and he has never forgotten Carlo and his well-spent life.

When Uncle Phill passed away, one summer in the early fifties, Carlo, almost in his teens then, lay at the door of his master's bedroom for hours, refusing to eat, or to drink, or to be comforted. The even-

ing of the funeral, and after the burial, Carlo went to the peaceful little church-yard and threw himself upon the new-made grave, where he remained all night. When he came back, the most dejected of creatures, and the sincerest of mourners, he wandered about, up and down the front yard and the piazza, waiting disconsolately for something, he knew not what; a something that never came. Carlo had always followed Uncle Phill and the buggy drawn by Dick, a white horse, wherever they went, and Carlo and Dick and Uncle Phill—blesséd be their memories—were very familiar figures in Dutchess County in those days. And many an early morning, after their joint great sorrow came, Carlo and Dick were found by the stable-men in Dick's stall, trying to forget their grief together, in the soothing comfort of forgetful sleep. For weeks, whenever Dick entered the lane, Carlo would jump up with a cry of pleasure and a wild wag of his tail to join his companion in trouble, and then, as if suddenly realizing what it all meant, he would return to his place on the porch, and cry the tears of which he was not ashamed. Dogs *can* cry, and Dogs *do* cry; and Dogs know what they are crying about, and why!

In the final division of Uncle Phill's property, Dick went to Uncle Edmund's, around the corner; and Carlo, uninvited and not particularly welcome, went too. But it was only for a little while. Dick

was soon called to drag Uncle Phill along the lanes about the City of Gold; and almost immediately Carlo trotted after him.

That was Carlo!

The Boy's acquaintance with Spot Higginson was slight and casual. He had never even seen Spot, when first they met; and it was not until some time later that his name and address were learned. Spot was a pointer, and when he introduced himself he was pointing at his mother earth in a most emphatic and decidedly uncomfortable way. It seems that Spot, who was spending the summer at North East Harbour, on the coast of Maine, had, for some unknown reason, entered the cottage of perfect strangers to him; a cottage in which he had no business whatever; and, in the temporary absence of all its occupants, he had wandered about the establishment, seeking nobody can say what. When he was ready to leave, it occurred to him that to jump from the balcony of the second story would be easier for him than to go out in the ordinary way, down the stairs, and through the front door. But Spot reckoned without the balustrades on the upper porch of his host. The interstices were wide enough to permit the free passage of his head and fore-paws, but too narrow for the transmission of his hinder-quarters, and by these he was suspended when The Boy chanced to pass that way. The sight of a fellow-being

hanging in this unusual position, many feet above the sea-level, and the sound of a voice, anything, at that particular moment, but soft, gentle, or low, naturally excited a certain amount of sympathy ; and a rescue was immediately attempted. The Boy was quite as much a stranger to the cottagers as was Spot, but he felt that an intrusive visit under those particular circumstances was justifiable, particularly as it was supposed that Spot, of course, was one of the cottagers himself. He tried to pull Spot back, and he tried to push Spot through ; Spot doing his best, in his excitement, to obstruct his own exit either way ; and a baluster had to be sacrificed before he went tumbling over. How the cottagers accounted for the evident signs of a severe struggle on their porch, and for the destruction of their property, The Boy never knew ; but he knew what was the subsequent action of Spot.

The rescuer was going that day for a sail on the Despatch-boat *The Dolphin*, with four college presidents, one of whom was the candidate for Mayor of the City of Greater New York ; a bishop and his wife ; a gross of professors, and all the fine ladies of the colony ; and he had arrayed himself for the occasion in a very clean suit of white duck. But Spot did not care for that. In the exuberance of his expressions of gratitude, he knocked the pipe out of The Boy's mouth, the spectacles off of his nose, he



SPOT HIGGINSON



planted one very muddy paw on the fresh shirt front, and he left his Christian name, as an indelible mark, upon nearly every inch of the outer garments. After the necessary change, it was discovered that Spot was waiting patiently about the front door to renew his thanks in the same hearty way, and he could not be induced to forgive The Boy for his curt and decided refusal to accept the acknowledgments of the services rendered.

Spot never spoke to The Boy again, except once, when he mistook The Boy for Mr. Arthur Brooks, like whom The Boy does not in the least look.

'Nado Flint, like Spot Higginson, was given to making familiar calls upon the cottages in his neighborhood, although they were usually the cottages of his friends, of which friends The Boy is proud and happy to say he was one. The family spent a summer or two in rather intimate association with 'Nado, at Petersham, Massachusetts. He came of an old Irish family, and he was a setter. A certain something—lasting him throughout life—of violent, tempestuous, whirlwindy nature, which was apparent in his early puppyhood, had led to his being named Tornado, and as 'Nado, for short, he was always known.

'Nado was exceedingly social in disposition, and he was very fond of children—and of other Dogs. If he were not following "Doctor," an agéd horse, and

a cartful of children along the country lanes and roads, other Dogs were following him into all sorts of places, and occasionally into a good deal of mischief. His hosts were glad enough to see 'Nado at the house, but they did not care so much about his friends, the other Dogs. 'Nado was always welcome in a certain little room immediately under the roof, and 'Nado knew it; but he was invariably repulsed when Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, and the whole band of his canine companions came along; and it was not understood why they *did* come along, especially late in the evenings, when they ought to have been in their own kennels at home.

More than once a body of five or six of them, with 'Nado at their head, were met with on the stairs, going up or going down in single file, invariably with a self-conscious expression on their faces, and generally licking their lips. They appeared to be anxious to get away as soon as possible, as if they had important business in other parts of the village. What the attraction could be was not discovered for some time, and then only by accident.

It seems that the "second girl," in order to save steps in the mornings, was in the habit of filling the bath-tub at nights, when she turned down the beds and did her evening household chores. 'Nado had discovered this fact; had realized that it was a good place in which to quench his thirst after an unusually





NADO FLINT



hard run around the Common, and he had told the other Dogs!

Baldutho' Jack was an aristocrat from the end of his ever-hyperborean nose to the tip of his never-restful tail. He was small in size, active beyond measure, a blue-gray in color, and phenomenally strong in character and in person. He was a Scotsman, with all the claims of long descent from the ancient kings of Skye, and he needed no lockéd, lettered, braw, brass collar to prove that he was not only a gentleman, but a scholar as well. He was so thoroughly Scottish in feeling, temperament, and sympathy that he never left his native land, and it is doubtful if he was ever out of his native County of Fife. His noblest prospect was not the road to England, but the rocks and the rills of his own bonny parish of Aroncraugh; his favorite dish was oatmeal porridge; and he sang a loud accompaniment whenever he heard the music of the pipes. Jack had more of the quality of what Mr. Robert Collyer so happily called "Clear Grit" than was possessed by any Dog The Boy has ever Known, not excepting even his own Four Dogs. For Jack was not a Dog of The Boy's, merely a relation by marriage. A little more than kind he was, always, but a little less than kin.

Baldutho' was a large stock-raising farm, very near to the German Ocean, and the Laird of Baldutho'—

Jack's master—was The Boy's uncle, the husband of a sister of The Boy's father; therefore Jack was a cousin of The Boy's, as it were, once removed.

Jack was invariably to be found at the heels of the Laird during the eleven months of the year when The Boy's heels were not within reach of him; but many a happy month of August, during his younger life, did The Boy spend at Baldutho', with Jack as his constant, faithful companion, by day and by night. Jack supped at The Boy's elbow, he slept at The Boy's feet, and everywhere The Boy went there went Jack, paying no attention whatever to anybody else during any hour of the twenty-four.

Jack's absorbing passions were hunting and hoarding; he was never so happy as when chasing rabbits or when collecting coins. He sought his game from the pure love of sport, he watched his money with all the greed of a miser. Most of his waking hours, and most of The Boy's, too, it may be mentioned, were spent in search of the rodents who infested the barns and the stables, or of the less domestic quadrupeds who dwelt in the moors and the marshes round about. Give Jack a deep hole under a hedge, leading to the bower of a badger, or an opening on the side of a bank, which looked like the front door to the sanctum of an otter, and he left no stone unturned, no dust unkicked, no mud unscattered, until he had effected an entrance. He barked and he

yelped and he scolded, working, all the time, like a madman until he had pursued his unseen enemy so far that, not infrequently, it was necessary to dig out Jack himself, when he had gone beyond the possibility of his own safe retreat. At the close of the conflict, Jack was always exultant, if exhausted; and the enemy generally, somehow, escaped.

Jack was almost amphibious. If, in his frequent excursions, there was no living or crawling thing for him to pursue, he was not content if he could not chase a rapid-rolling stone down the brae, or swim out after a stick thrown into the loch. Once, on a very cold day, cold for August, even in Scotland, Jack's inanimate prey was an unusually heavy, water-soaked log, of twice Jack's size and of four times his weight, which was sinking gradually with Jack, many feet from shore, in a deep and turbid pool. And both the Laird and his nephew had to follow Jack into the water, over their own heads, in order to bring Jack and the log back to hard earth; for the log was surely drowning Jack; and Jack would have died — of "Clear Grit" — rather than have come ashore again without the log. Jack was made of the same sturdy, indomitable stuff of which they make their biped Scottish soldiers, and sailors, and cotters, and heroes, who fight for civil rights and for freedom of Christian worship.

Jack had no interest whatever in paper money, or

even in silver or gold. He was a collector of copper currency, of the greatest size. The common British penny, in those days, was a heavy disk, larger than a silver dollar, and double its weight and thickness; and, with a penny-piece between his teeth, Jack would sit before the open, glowing fireplace, as close to the flame as he could get, from the hour of the lighting of the lamps until the time of going to bed. The hearth was always blazing in Fife, no matter what the season of the year, for the climate is cold and wet; and Jack would fall into a fretful, uneasy doze, now and then, and nod, and even snore, roasting his head until his people fancied that they could smell the burning of his blue-gray wool, and hear the very sissing of the penny under his moist tongue. But he never lost his grip upon the coin, unless somebody, in whose veracity he could trust, cried, "Rats!"

It was easy enough to keep Jack supplied with capital, for he was not very careful, although somewhat systematic, in his selection of the spots in which his valuables were concealed. General sweeping-days brought much treasure to light always; and if a thimble rolled under a sofa, or an uncrowned checker-man rolled under a chair, it usually rolled against, and brought up beside, a penny of Jack's; and once put away by Jack, this penny was nothing more to him. He did not gloat over the possession of last



BALDUTHO' JACK





night's penny, or of the penny of the night before last, but he begged for a fresh, new penny with a wonderful persistency every evening, a penny to be kept with miserly care. What was Jack's object in this parsimonious performance; what pleasure he derived from it, or what he thought about it himself, was never understood. And Jack never told.

At last the change that comes, sooner or later, to everything, came to Baldutho', and the farm passed into other hands. Jack, an old Dog then, but the same old Jack, went with the family to the ancient university town of St. Andrews, some ten miles from Baldutho', where he was to end his days in peace.

Jack, it was soon discovered, partly by hearsay, and partly by observation—Jack, of all persons—the courtly, punctilious, gentlemanly, thoughtful Jack, was very unpopular with a certain influential and select set in St. Andrews. Jack was essentially a country Dog; he liked not rows of brick and mortar, or the confinements and restrictions of city life. There were no ponds to swim in, no rabbits or rats to hunt, in St. Andrews; and there was nothing whatever to chase—but golf-balls. To the pursuit of golf-balls, therefore, Jack directed all his out-of-door energy. He was not a member of the Club; he was not even given the freedom of the Links; but, at every opportunity, Jack went to the Links. He was known to all the players and to all the caddies; and

if the objects thrown at Jack had been kept as proofs of profanity, pockets, on the links of St. Andrews, would have been very full, and carts for the transportation of spent missiles would, sometimes, have been in demand. Jack did not frequent the teeing-grounds much, and he never put himself within reach of a kleeck or a lofter; but from a safe distance he watched the strokes with the eye of a professional expert, and he rarely, if ever, missed the ball which came in his way. If the balls were recovered from Jack, which happened now and then, they were usually of no use to anybody, for they were chewed by Jack out of their ordinary shape. Jack never attempted to bag more than one ball at a time, and that ball was carried home to be guarded safely, until it was carefully concealed under a gooseberry-bush in the little back garden or sold for a penny. Jack might have cut his wisdom-teeth on pennies and golf-balls. But he never did. He simply wore out, long before their time, all the teeth in his royal little head.

Jack and The Boy had no mutual association with the St. Andrews house—the original Peep o' Day; they had never met before within its hospitable walls; and it was, in a way, strange and unfamiliar to them both. Jack had been domesticated there almost a year when the American branch of the family arrived from the train one night, very late and in

very heavy weather. Jack was on hand to greet his old friend and companion at the door; he superintended the unloading of the various pieces of luggage; and after he had licked face and hands to his heart's content, and had repeatedly untied the strings of both shoes, a favorite amusement of his, he was given a brand-new penny to hold, while the Mother and The Boy had their bit of supper in the dining-room, to which they were immediately taken. Jack was petted and noticed, but much had happened since the last August, and many things had to be told and heard.

When bedtime came, no Jack was to be seen. He had gone off quietly—with his penny—nobody could tell where or when. He was not in his own regular sleeping-apartment, or anywhere about the house; whistles and calls brought from him no response; the night, out-doors, was wild, and wet with rain and with the mists which the east winds were blowing from the North Sea over the streets, and it seemed incredible that Jack should have gone out in such weather and on such an occasion. But Jack was not to be found, and he was given up in despair. The Boy was shown the room he was to occupy, which he had not seen before; and not a little hurt in feelings at Jack's desertion, so unusual in Jack, the lights were turned down and The Boy went to his rest. And there, at the bottom of the bed, under every

sheet and blanket the bed contained, a pair of very surprised feet touched Jack, penny in mouth, eyes wide open, and tail wagging as only Jack's tail could wag.

The Mistress—there was no Master then, alas!—declared that Jack had heard them say that The Boy was to have the South Chamber. But probably Jack had followed the familiar portmanteau, and had thus fixed the spot.

That was Baldutho' Jack!

THE END







